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LIBRARY MACHINERY VS. HUMAN NATURE.

There was once an old-fashioned librarian at the head of a modern library (this was not long ago, and there may be others like him even now) whose conception of a head librarian's functions was beautiful in its simplicity and admirable in its theoretical provision for every foreseen or unforeseen contingency. He sat in his snug little book-lined office, read the literary reviews and marked certain books for purchase, and formulated rules for the administration of the great library whose destinies he controlled. These rules were handed to a subordinate and duly published as the law of the institution until such time as they should be repealed or revised. Reports from departmental heads concerning the practical effect or non-effect of these rules were from time to time graciously received, as were also the properly registered complaints and suggestions of the visiting public; and after these reports, complaints, and suggestions, which often revealed an amazing discrepancy between the theoretical perfection of the rules and their practical defects, had been read and pondered by the librarian, there was a fresh formulation of rules, or of amendments to rules, and the new code went into effect.

If a public library were nothing but a machine, however big and complex, and if human beings were walking mechanisms, all built on the same model, the old-fashioned librarian's method of administration would have worked to a charm. But they reckon ill who leave out human nature in their schemes for running the universe or any minutest part of it. Our learned bibliothecary above-mentioned never came in touch with his public, and hardly with his official staff. His surviving friends still smile at the remembrance of the almost panic-stricken haste with which he was wont to beat a retreat to his sanctum when waylaid by a reader or other person in quest of such assistance as, by the rules of the library, was to be rendered by a certain specified departmental superintendent or by some minor official.

Between the mechanically perfect-running but otherwise worthless system by which a nickel-in-the-slot apparatus would furnish any

desired book, pamphlet, periodical, or piece of information, automatically registering the loan and return of books, and the unorganized, chaotic, hap-hazard way of conducting a library, there is surely a happy medium; and this happy medium, with its maximum of quiet orderliness and frictionless efficiency, and its minimum of red tape and vexatious restrictions, every earnest library worker is more or less consciously striving to attain. Just now the pendulum has been set in full swing toward an unbureaucratic management of "the people's university," and this is well. What unnumbered disgusts and "disgruntlements" have been excited by the unwise or untactful enforcement of rules not dictated by the ripest judgment! The weaknesses and prejudices of human nature insistently demand recognition in the formulation of library rules, so far as such rules must be formulated. What library worker cannot recall instances of astonishing and often amusing sensitiveness or resentfulness in book-borrowers and readers? There comes to mind a certain middle-aged man who had in an advanced stage of development what we call "the library habit." That is, he was a frequent and long-staying visitor at the public library, without any manifest consistency or earnestness of purpose in his visits. But by some chance he had applied several times for a particular book that happened on each occasion to be out or misplaced, and the perhaps unnecessarily curt announcement of the book's unprocurability, two or three times repeated in response to rapidly successive requests, begot in his mind a suspicion that it was being purposely and even malevolently withheld from him. As soon as the existence of this unjust suspicion was discovered, the man was reasoned with and the most convincing arguments were brought to bear upon his understanding, if he had any, to bring him to a saner frame of mind; but all to no purpose, and he summarily withdrew his patronage from that library. Another instance of whimsical resentfulness recurs to memory. At a certain library where, as is universally the case, the demand for recent popular books is far in excess of the supply, applicants are notified by mail, upon request, when any desired work may be had. Moreover, in its praiseworthy attempt to do the greatest good to the greatest number, the library sometimes sends these notices to those who have not asked for them, but who are known to have applied unsuccessfully for certain books. It was one such gratuitously-notified card-holder who one morning came snorting into the library and up to the delivery desk with a vigorous complaint against the authorities for bothering him with postal cards whenever he happened to ask for a book that was out.

The tactful librarian is he who knows by something like intuition how to avoid all such ruffling episodes as the foregoing. Nothing mars the pleasure and impairs the usefulness of library work like these petty discords between the serving and the served. The importance of an ingratiating manner and an unfailing ability to avoid giving offense was felt by that public speaker who, in addressing a certain recent convention of librarians, began with the assertion that no one could hope to succeed in the profession if he ate onions. The increasing attention now given to the "human appeal" side of library work is evidenced by the various affiliated activities that are carried on under the modern library's roof. It is rightly held that to make a good library-user of a person, he must be caught young. Hence the picture-exhibitions and the story-hours and, of late, the indoor games that serve as beneficent lures to turn many juvenile footsteps library-ward. Not only educative games, like Authors and Logomachy, but even jackstraws and tiddledewinks receive the sanction of children's librarians. From Madison, Wisconsin, there comes word that the moving-picture apparatus has now been pressed into the service of the juvenile department at the public library, "as an aid in making the library more fully an educational institution." The story of Sir Galahad, of Oliver Twist, of King Lear, or perhaps of Robinson Crusoe, is first told in a brief and simple manner by the children's librarian, and then the moving pictures present the same series of events to the eye, "the scenery and costuming of the characters being in perfect accord with the theme." One can easily imagine the breathless interest with which the assembled little ones watch Oliver as he extends his bowl for more gruel and encounters the scandalized astonishment of the poor-house officials. How many a Dickens-lover, or potential Dickens-lover, must be then and there called into being! The question how far it is wise or indeed legitimate for the public library, established in accordance with certain State laws, to go into the business of furnishing mere amusement, however harmless and healthful, to the children of its community, will never be settled by any hard and fast rule; and it is undoubtedly well that the error, if any, should be on the side of indulgence and a large-minded and large-hearted interpretation of library law

rather than on that of bureaucratic stiffness and over-cautious conservatism. Something at any rate may be learned from errors of commission; little or nothing by refusing to make experiments and strike out new paths.

Our above-mentioned old-fashioned librarian chose to play toward his library somewhat the part of an absentee deity who winds up his universe and leaves it to run until it runs down. The modern librarian, on the other hand, feels himself to be something like an *immanent* presence in his little world, and if he absents himself even for a day the system tends to languish and suffer torpor. He resists the temptation, so natural to one having to do constantly with rules of classification, systems of labelling, and methods of shelving, to classify and label and shelve his helpers and his visitors and thereafter wash his hands of them. Ever on the alert for new and unexpected developments in human nature around him, and for fresh and unforeseen demands on his tact and resourcefulness, as well as on his stores of technical and general knowledge, he recognizes that there is no such thing as finality or completeness in library economy, and that the library with a flawless set of rules flawlessly enforced would be a hopelessly dead library.

ECHOES FROM THE LIBRARY PRESS OF 1910.

"The library world is still seeking an equilibrium between things essential and things non-essential," says Mr. Charles E. Rush in the January number of the "Library Journal," in an article called "Practical Problems in Reorganization Work." Among the non-essentials he classifies the greater part of library statistics, — "page after page of bare figures." "Who cares for them and reads them"? he asks. The accession book is another fossil which he would like to see removed; and he is not alone in his objections to it. Mr. Rush refers to "the persistent and increasing demands that are daily made by library patrons (and we know not by how many hundreds more of would-be patrons) to leave out the red tape in our rules, open the shelves, liberalize the allowance of books and the time limits, simplify our catalogues, show more books and less library machinery." The library should carefully consider the needs of its constituency, the attitude of its patrons toward it, and not hesitate to reorganize if that seems to be the best way to meet the demands of the public. After all, the library exists to serve the public. The necessity of occasional reorganization is also pointed out by Mr. W. Dawson Johnston, in his paper on "The Librarian as an Educator," printed in the October number of the same periodical. "The work of organization," he says, "is conceived to end with the establishment of the library. Now, from any point of view but a personal one, the establishment of a library is only the first step in its organization. Even a machine requires remodelling; much more an institution. The changes in the community, the changes in other institutions, and the changes in the institution itself make reorganization necessary." Mr. Johnston's paper discusses the position of the library towards the educational revolution of our day, and he urges that the services of the school to the library be considered,—it has in the past been neglected even by librarians for the discussion of how the library could serve the school. There are, he thinks, some things that the school does now that the library could do better, and he thinks that such topics in the curriculum as the reading of literature might well be taken from the school and turned over to the library. To quote from another part of the same paper: "The demand for school extension has resulted in the establishment of evening schools, summer schools, continuation schools, and other institutions for adult education. In many cases, perhaps in most cases, these institutions have justified their establishment, but many times and in many places it would have been more economical and sometimes better to have provided added library facilities instead of added school facilities, or, perhaps, gardens and playgrounds." But would it? That would depend on the personality, the interests, the sympathies of the librarians in charge. In the last part of the paper, Mr. Johnston speaks of "Research and Libraries," and here points out particularly two defects of the present organization of libraries: that special collections coming to libraries either by bequest or by purchase are not kept up and added to through new purchases, and the lack of specialization in the reading-room service.

The latter question was also taken up by Mr. Frank P. Hill in his contribution to the symposium of "Retrospect and Forecast" which was presented at the annual meeting of the New York Library Club in May, when the club celebrated its first quarter century, and printed in the June "Library Journal." The retrospects were concerned with the changes that have taken place during the last twenty-five years, in statistics, methods, scope, and ideals. Mr. Hill speaks of the possibilities of specialization, pointing at a movement which became crystallized at the A. L. A. conference of 1909 when the Special Libraries Association was organized. "The work thus initiated," he says, "and for which there is a legitimate and, heretofore, practically unexplored field will no doubt go forward, though perhaps not through the medium of a separate organization. More and more the need of specialization in libraries presents itself, and as resources become known students will turn from the free and reference libraries to special libraries, where they will find all material connected with their own line of work." And further: "In order to ensure the efficient

handling of the many and varied collections resulting from increased specialization, a staff of consulting librarians will probably be necessary to render the collections available, and it will only be in the spirit of coöperation that the best results will follow."

Miss Mary W. Plummer, in her contribution to the Forecast, dealing with the future of the library schools, urges what it may be permitted to say that the present writer has advocated for years, and which it is pleasant to see that a director of a library school has at last taken up, namely, the establishment of graduate schools of library administration and bibliography in connection with one or two universities. She characterizes the present situation aptly enough as chaotic, and says that she "can see nothing to bring order out of this growing chaos but organization and systematization on a larger scale than anything we have tried. Let the general courses continue for the younger people, for the general work, always having in view the discovery of talents and aptitudes for specialization; and let there be two or three schools in the country, connected with universities and an integral part of them, in which the study of technique and administration may be connected with an outline course in medicine, law, theology, science, pure and applied, civics, child study, or whatever specialty calls for training. A university frequently carries on a course followed by one or two students only, so that a paucity of applicants in any one division of the work would not mean discouragement or bankruptcy. What do I mean by an outline course? To begin with, the history and biography of a science or an art; a reading knowledge of the languages in which its best treatises have been written; a knowledge of the rarities and the curiosities of its literature; an understanding of its terminology, past and present; an acquaintance with its present development, tendency, literature, and practice,"—in other words, the history and bibliography of scientific literature. Something of the same note is found in Mr. Adam J. Strohm's paper read at the Library School Section at the 1909 conference of the A. L. A., entitled: "Do We Need a Postgraduate Library School," and printed in condensed form in "Public Libraries" for February. "In examining the study courses of the library schools one cannot escape a sense of confusion from their mixture of trifles and ponderousness. Picture bulletins and story hours on one hand; architecture and Latin paleography on the other. The student who may find interest in the one is not of the intellectual caliber that will master the other, while the college graduate and the more desirable library school students will frown at some of the food set before them. The library schools, in taking cognizance of certain manifestations of modernism in library methods and bidding scholarship to enter as well, are falling between two stools. It is feast for one and starvation for the other."

Mr. Louis N. Wilson, the librarian of Clark University, has again used the method of the *questionnaire* to bring out some mooted problems of library work; this time his attention is drawn to the relations between "The Library and the Teaching Profession," under which title the results of his inquiry are published in the March "Public Libraries." He finds that "the situation is hopeful, and one cannot help the feeling that the problem is nearer solution than is generally supposed. Both sides are anxious to bring about changes, upon which they seem to be fairly well agreed, and all that remains to be done is to get to work and do it." But there is the rub, it seems; for, after having given some examples of what a few librarians and teachers have to say about what should be done, and having cited a few instances of coöperation, he continues: "But these are only a few bright spots amid a sea of gloom. In the great majority of cases libraries are still far behind what they might be and the teachers do not afford them the help they have a right to expect. Teachers are, as a rule, overworked, and librarians have to struggle for sufficient funds to keep the machine going." Turning to the considerations of ideal conditions, the author outlines briefly what may reasonably be asked of librarians and teachers in order to bring the conditions about. "In the first place, libraries must make their books available to scholars. The day when people desiring to use books will be satisfied to be turned over to the tender mercies of a complicated card catalogue, has passed. Librarians should realize by this time that books placed in a closed stack room are fast dying, if not already dead books." "There should be a large, well lighted, and well ventilated room set aside for students and teachers in the library. In this room the most expert attendant should be on duty and should seek the coöperation of the teachers in selecting and displaying books and articles of interest to the profession. Here library rules and regulations, necessary in dealing with the general public, perhaps, should be abolished, and no effort spared to aid the seeker after knowledge. Teachers in special lines should be induced to take a special interest in keeping the library advised of any new book that they consider of value or wish to see." To fill out the space at the bottom of the column where Mr. Wilson's article closes, the editor has printed the following quotation from Whately: "It is folly to expect men to do all that they may reasonably be expected to do."

What is probably the most important utterance made during the past year to any group of librarians may be read in the "Presidential Address of Frederick George Kenyon, Principal Librarian of the British Museum," in the September number of the British "Library Association Record." Mr. Kenyon begins by saying that he is not a librarian in the ordinary sense of the term, the books with which he has had to deal having been manuscripts; nor has the practical experience of the administration of a great library of printed books been his. He proposed, therefore, to deal, not with the practical application of any principles of librarianship, but

with some of these very principles themselves. He asks the pardon of the audience, if he, in so doing, should be found to utter a number of platitudes. "It does us no harm, I think, sometimes to turn our thoughts from the details of our daily work to the principles which inform them and the ideals which inspire them. The principles and ideals may appear to be platitudes, but like many other platitudes, they are sometimes in danger of being overlooked in practice." "Books," he says, "may be roughly divided into three classes, the literature of the imagination, the literature of knowledge, and the literature of pastime," and he gives a highly instructive and entertaining description of these three classes and the way in which they are interwoven with each other to form the organic whole known as the world's literature. The chief attraction of a librarian's position Mr. Kenyon sees in the opportunity to guide the reader's taste. "Many of his readers are, no doubt, persons in search of definite information with regard to their trade or profession; many others are merely in search of an agreeable method of passing their leisure time, but others are young men and women in search of education and self-improvement, and to them the advice of the librarian may mean much." And he proceeds to disprove, with statistics (which, he says, though "they often are dangerous things, and as unreliable as experts," often have "a steadying effect on controversy") the current idea, popular, at least, with certain British newspapers and politicians, that libraries are chiefly concerned with the circulation of colorless and worthless fiction. "Libraries should be the salt of the nation." And he feels that they have an important function before them in guiding the workingman (and probably not the workingman alone) from racing tips and foot-ball reports to "the literature which gives refreshment and knowledge, the literature which gives ideas and expands the mind. This cannot be done all at once. The desire for self-culture is not a plant of natural growth in this country, and in the past many influences have been hostile to it. The people of this country have for two generations listened to the doctrine that the pursuit of material self-interest is the law of human progress, and they cannot now readily assimilate the doctrine of self-culture and self-training for the good of the community. . . . The man who considers his own material welfare the sole subject of importance may, if he is ignorant enough, think that material welfare will come to him from the study of betting news; at least it is not for those whose daily occupation is the fluctuation of rubber shares to contradict him. A higher stage is reached when a man studies the literature of his own trade or profession in order that he may get on in it. The motive is still material self-interest, but it is self-interest of a more enlightened kind, and exercised on nobler subjects. It involves a training of the intellect which may lead to higher things. Yet a further stage is reached when the reader seeks knowledge for its own sake, from the sense of the mysterious attractions of knowledge, the wonders of nature, of mechanical science, of human life and thought. And the highest stage of all — apart from that mystery of the intercourse of man with his Creator, of which I will not speak here — the highest stage of all is reached when a man realizes that his supreme duty is not self-interest, but self-training in the interest of the community." In the latter part of his address, Mr. Kenyon touches upon the preparation of the librarian for his duties, the chief of which he summarizes as being concerned with the selection of the books for the library, the making them accessible to the public, and the guidance of the readers in their use. "The first is a matter of knowledge, subject — an important proviso — to financial limitations. The second is a matter of technical training in classification and cataloguing. The third is a matter again of knowledge, but still more of tact and sympathy." And he closes with the following appreciation of his former colleague, the late Richard Garnett: "His knowledge, which ranged from astrology to horse racing, approached omniscience; if he had not the actual information you required at his fingers' ends, he could almost certainly tell you where to look for it, and knew something of what had been done and written with regard to it; he had a reverence for every kind of work and research, and could enter into the feelings and aspirations of any one who would consult him; and his good-nature was inexhaustible."

AKSEL G. S. JOSEPHSON.

CASUAL COMMENT.

TOLSTOY'S DESIRE OF SECLUSION was long cherished by him before his secret departure from Yasnaya Polyana in the early morning of Nov. 10. A letter written to his wife thirteen years ago but not to be delivered to her until after his death has now appeared in print, in the St. Petersburg *Novoe Vremya*, and reveals a state of domestic friction that had long ago become hardly bearable to the earnest apostle of the simple life. "Long have I been tormented," he writes, "by the discord between my life and my beliefs. To compel you all to change your life, the habits to which I myself had accustomed you, I could not; and to leave you ere this I also could not, believing that I should thus deprive the children, while they were little, of whatever small influence I could have over them, and that I should grieve you. On the other hand, to continue to live as I have lived these sixteen years, struggling and irritating you or falling myself under those influences and temptations to which I had become accustomed and by which I am surrounded, I also cannot. . . . The chief thing is that just as the Hindus nearing sixty retire into the woods, and as old religious men seek to devote their last years to God and not to jokes, puns, gossip, or tennis, so for me, entering my seventieth year, the soul-absorbing desire is for tranquillity, for solitude,

and, if not for entire harmony, at least not for crying discord between my life and my beliefs and conscience." A still more recent communication to the press from Mr. P. A. Boulanger, an intimate friend of Tolstoy's, and one who was with him at the end, pictures in harrowing detail the increasingly inharmonious state of affairs at Yasnaya Polyana during the last few years. Hopelessly unadjustable differences of ideals and aspirations, of temperament and of the sense of what is demanded by conscience, made the Tolstoy home life a growing agony for the ardent reformer and moralist, and scarcely less so for his wife and those others of his household who failed to share his views.

* * *

AMATEUR CENSORSHIP OF CURRENT LITERATURE, pithily expressed in terms of uncompromising directness, may be found in almost any much-used public library list of recent accessions, especially in fiction. Written in pencil against various titles in these lists, and sometimes even on the cards in the card catalogue, one encounters such brief and emphatic commendatory or condemnatory expressions as "Fine," "A 1," "Tip-top," "O. K.," "N. G.," "Rotten," "Mush," "Horrid." These and other like nut-shell criticisms serve to warn and advise succeeding readers much as the symbols adopted by professional wanderers, and found on gate-posts and tree-trunks and dead walls along the highway, constitute a code understood and heeded by every member of the guild who is in search of a desirable place of refreshment and rest. Another significant though mute and involuntary seal of approval or disapproval is the appearance of the book itself. It is astonishing how invariably the more interesting books quickly shed their cloth covers and get themselves enrolled in the library-bound regiment, and how a failure to win this promotion within six months ordinarily means permanent exclusion from the favored company. Critical comment, written in the book itself, especially at the very end, is not uncommon, however strongly discouraged by the ruling powers. All this unlawful scribbling is of course very wrong, but the actuating motive is altruistic. Being invariably anonymous, it can bring no fame or acknowledgment of any kind to the discerning and public-spirited critic.

* * *

RECENT LIBRARY LEGISLATION IN MARYLAND reveals progress toward better things in that far too sparsely be-libraried State. The revised library law of 1910 created a Maryland Public Library Commission, in place of the State Library Commission which had existed since 1902; and it gives to the new body certain "additional functions of advising and stimulating the establishment of County and Election District Libraries, and of purchasing and sending one hundred dollars worth of books to libraries established under the Act." The county library system, as illustrated so creditably by the Washington County Free Library at Hagerstown, appears to meet local needs and fit in with local conditions in a way hardly possible throughout the country at large; yet the hastening of the day when every Maryland village shall have its own permanent library administered by its own chosen officers is to be prayed for. We note in the "First Annual Report" of the newly constituted Commission that whereas the new library law, as originally drafted, provided for a yearly appropriation of five thousand dollars to carry on the Commission's activities, this amount was cut by the legislative shears to fifteen hundred, thus cruelly crippling that zealous band of workers. But, as in a damage suit, it was probably understood on both sides that the sum asked for would undergo a process of subtraction, the only question being the exact size of the subtrahend.

* * *

LITERARY AND OTHER DUAL PERSONALITIES, such as the late William Sharp, who was both Saxon and Celt — the latter under the pseudonym of "Fiona Macleod" — are likely to have new light thrown on their complexities of mental and moral structure by the new method just introduced at the Johns Hopkins Hospital of studying and treating nervous diseases. The nervous person, according to Dr. Sigmund Freud of Vienna, the inventor of this new method, is nervous simply because his unconscious half is craving some satisfaction or some activity that is withheld. This possession on our part of a dual nature is of course a matter of common knowledge ever since "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" reminded us of it. To learn what this latent self is thus dumbly and feebly groping for, it is proposed to subject the patient's dreams to expert interpretation, and thereby to supply the want and cure the nervousness. All very good, we say, if the thing the unconscious self is trying to do or to attain is harmless, like writing poetry or translating Homer or acquiring a copy of the original edition of "Rasselas"; perhaps some mute inglorious Milton may by this means be rendered vocal and illustrious. But if one's subliminal consciousness is fretting for the summary extinction of a hated enemy or an odious rival, or if the unconscious part of a person is longing to seize and devour some particularly luscious specimen of forbidden fruit, what then?

* * *

THE CRIMINAL'S TASTE IN LITERATURE, so far as that taste has been noted by public library workers in reference to the incarcerated criminal, is surprisingly and encouragingly high. Possibly, and indeed probably, in his native habitat he might not give the impression of possessing delicate discrimination in the matter of reading; but in the quiet seclusion of prison life he most often chooses from the books offered him those that have stood the test of time and have earned the right to be called classics. The current report of the Vermont Board of Library Commissioners emphasizes the fact that from the traveling libraries sent for the last three years to the State Prison the books borrowed by the convicts have been handled very carefully, have been much read, and evince a demand "for a better class of reading than the average patron of a public library

calls for." Among other Vermont library notes of interest it is cheering to read that all but sixty-seven of the two hundred and forty-six towns and cities in the State are now provided with established libraries; and of the unprovided sixty-seven, seventeen have traveling library stations. When it is remembered that Vermont's total population is little more than half that of Boston, these figures become significant of much.

* * *

EDUCATION AND EFFICIENCY are related to each other, necessarily and increasingly, in this strenuous age of ours; and if a school or college is inefficient in its methods or wasteful in its expenditures, it is likely to be made unpleasantly aware of the fact at an early stage in its struggle for existence. This truism by way of introduction to some brief mention of an elaborate investigation into "Academic and Industrial Efficiency" that has been conducted under the auspices of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, and whose results are presented in "Bulletin Number Five" of that Foundation. Mr. Morris Llewellyn Cooke, a mechanical engineer and not a teacher, and therefore without the prejudices of a teacher, has made this investigation and written a full account of his findings. Eight institutions of learning were visited, and their department of physics was subjected to a searching scrutiny. "It may well be," remarks President Pritchett in a Preface to the printed report, "that a thorough-going administrative study of the income and expenditure of one of our large and newly grown universities may be more helpful to it at this moment than more money. We have gone through a period of great expansion. Just now a critical examination and appreciation of what we are getting out of the expansion is probably more to be desired than further expansion." These words, uttered just at the moment when the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, over which Dr. Pritchett presided before assuming his present office, is urging acute need of funds to meet the increasing demands made upon it, or even to continue its activities at all, have a peculiar significance and timeliness.

* * *

THE GROWTH OF THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS has been so increasingly rapid under its present able head as almost to make the observer gasp for breath. The current "Report of the Librarian," a bound volume of three hundred and five octavo pages, shows noteworthy recent development in all departments. A few random notes from its rich pages will convey even to the unbibliothecal mind a sense of the vastness and vigor of this our national library. Whereas there were but one hundred and twenty-five persons employed when Mr. Putnam took office not so very long ago, there are now three hundred and thirteen engaged in the library's various departments. Its book collection numbers one million seven hundred and ninety-three thousand volumes. Its expenditures for the last fiscal year were more than eight hundred thousand dollars. Its bindery handled thirty-one thousand volumes. Its copyright department registered more than one hundred thousand books, pamphlets, and other items. Finally, the libraries subscribing to its printed catalogue cards form a list filling thirty-five pages of the Report. But to gain a clear conception of the Congressional Library's manifold and ever-increasing activities, one needs to examine the Report itself, which is obtainable at a nominal price.

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THE STORY OF A BYRON MANUSCRIPT of considerable interest to autograph-collectors and Byron-lovers was recently told in the "Pall Mall Gazette." It was the discerning eye of a London bookseller, Mr. Charles J. Sawyer, of New Oxford Street, that recognized the peculiar worth of a bit of writing lately offered for sale by a Nottingham auctioneer. The treasure was secured by Mr. Sawyer, and proves to be the original draft of the poet's epitaph to his dog Boatswain, who died in 1808 and was buried in the garden at Newstead Abbey, not far from the spot where his master was to be interred sixteen years later. The manuscript, given by the poet to the family of Job Turton, the man who erected (at a cost of one hundred pounds) the monument that attested the grief of the dog's master, passed from hand to hand until finally it was carried to the auction room by a granddaughter of Turton, and so came to public view and into Mr. Sawyer's possession.

* * *

THE EFFECT OF BOOK EXHIBITIONS AT COUNTY FAIRS is encouraging. Note has already been made here of last autumn's experiment, particularly in Indiana and Vermont, with carefully selected collections of agricultural and other works as a new feature at the annual "cattle-show." And now from Indiana, on the authority of Dr. Stanley Coulter of Purdue University, as quoted in the current issue of the "Library Occurrent," we learn that "approximately five hundred dollars' worth of purely agricultural books were sold to them [*i. e.* the farmers] from a collection of about 75 volumes exhibited at the county fairs this present summer and fall." What further stimulus to reading and to miscellaneous book-buying should be credited to these literary exhibits will never be known, but from the general interest shown on the part of the rural public it may be confidently reckoned as considerable.

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THE PROPER INGREDIENTS OF A TRAVELLING LIBRARY must depend largely on the nature of the communities it is designed to serve. Among rural readers, especially feminine readers, one is not surprised to find the borrowers following the example of the small child that eats the frosting of its cake first and then, surfeited with sweet, perhaps takes little or nothing of the more substantial and nutritious under-layer. From the "Fifth Biennial Report of the Nebraska Public Library Commission" we learn that the book collections now visiting the prairie settlements of that promising commonwealth have perforce been reduced to little else than fiction. Starting originally with ten works of fiction, ten of a more serious nature, and twenty

children's books, these travelling libraries have shown so extremely little wear and tear in the non-fiction section that gradually they have undergone the transformation indicated above, while the eliminated idle books have been set apart as a reserve collection from which to supply study clubs, individual students, or other persons desiring reading matter of a serious sort. Eighty-three counties of Nebraska have in the last two years profited by the Commission's services in this sending out of good literature, four hundred and forty-two requests for travelling libraries having been responded to.

* * *

THE ORGANIZATION OF HARVARD LIBRARIES under one administrative head has at last been effected. In its various schools and departments the university numbers more than thirty separate libraries beside the main one in Gore Hall, and hitherto each of these has had its own librarian who has discharged his duties with no strict regard to the policy and proceedings of the other libraries. Now, however, to provide an administrative head of the entire system, the university authorities have created the post of Director of University Libraries, and have appointed as its first incumbent Professor Archibald Cary Coolidge, of the class of '87, who has long been a liberal giver of his time and his means to the library of his alma mater. This coördination of university libraries, like that which has recently been introduced at Chicago University, should be of great service to the interests of economy and efficiency.

* * *

YASNAYA POLYANA AS AN INTERNATIONAL PEACE MEMORIAL, which is the disposition of the estate said to be favored by the Tolstoy family, would serve a larger purpose than if simply set apart by Russia as a Tolstoy museum. There is no reason why the great peace-advocate's old home should not be preserved both as a memorial to him and as an impressive reminder of his earnest protest against war. A nephew of the late Count has recently arrived in this country on a mission, it is rumored, to Mr. Carnegie for the purpose of interesting that wealthy promoter of peace in the proposed plan. Unless Mr. Carnegie chooses to give his personal attention to the matter, here would seem to be a piece of work cut out for the trustees of the lately-established Carnegie Peace Fund.

* * *

THE TARDY ACCEPTANCE OF A CARNEGIE LIBRARY that was generously offered to the District of Columbia seven years ago is now gratefully noted in the current report of the Washington Public Library. As mentioned by us in a previous issue, the difficulty of getting our national legislators to focus their gaze on so small a matter as a branch library for Takoma Park has seemed for years all but insuperable. But the impossible has at last been accomplished, Congress has actually consented to concern itself with so trivial a detail as a forty-thousand dollar library building, and the offered present to the people of the District has been formally accepted, with the somewhat niggardly stipulation, however, that no provision for maintenance shall be made over and above ten per cent of the total cost of the building — an unwise economy, to be sure; but we must save our pennies for the fortifying of the Panama Canal.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE QUESTION OF LIBRARY RENEWALS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The paragraph in a recent issue of THE DIAL with reference to the renewal of books in this Library, as discussed in our last annual report, came to my attention about the time I was leaving the city, and the matter was pushed aside and overlooked until the present time.

Permit me to go into the question of renewals a little more fully than it was discussed in our annual report, bearing in mind that what I have to say does not apply to new fiction — seven-day books. We look upon this whole matter as chiefly one of administration, for most of the mistakes or misunderstandings with the public which arise in the circulating department are in connection with renewals, — persons thinking that books had been renewed when they were not, and therefore becoming subject to fine. Furthermore, renewals are given practically to everyone who asks for them, so that anyone who wishes to retain a book four weeks gets it for the asking. If the Library is willing to let him have the book four weeks (provided he asks for it) it seems to us that it would eliminate a lot of red tape and trouble to cut out the renewals and allow the borrower to keep the book the straight four weeks if he wished to do so, without bothering him to have the book renewed in order to escape a fine.

Most libraries in renewing books (many of them taking the request for renewal over the telephone) count the renewal as a second issue, and in that way the statistics of circulation are swollen; but I believe that that is not the best way for a Library to increase its circulation. To have some one sit at a telephone desk all day taking requests for the renewal of books and then count those requests as circulation, is going through the motions, but without giving any real service. I believe that the sooner our libraries cut out all make-believe service of this kind the better it will be for them and for their communities. I might add that at least two well-known libraries (Newark and Pittsburgh) have abolished renewals, or restricted them to fiction, to the great satisfaction of all concerned.

There are many books which it is impossible for a busy person to get through with in two weeks, and a fixed time limitation of that kind is in reality a limitation to the real usefulness of the library. I personally know of many such cases. In some instances it is true that to lengthen the retention period would curtail the general usefulness of the books; but these instances are comparatively very few, and the time, trouble, and dissatisfaction that this Library would save by abolishing renewals would, I believe, more than enable it to pay for the few additional duplicates that might be necessary. The best place for almost every library book in the circulation department is in the hands of some borrower, and not on the shelves *waiting* for the possible time when someone *may* want to use it. In every large library there are thousands of volumes that do not circulate once in three years, and some not once in ten years.

In short, as we see the problem in Grand Rapids, the abolishment of renewals would make for a better and more satisfactory service, thereby enabling the people to get more real use out of the library than they can get at present. It should be understood, however, that no definite action has yet been taken in the matter; the abolishment of renewals was simply *recommended* in our last annual report. SAMUEL H. RANCK.

Grand Rapids Public Library, January 10, 1911.

HISTORY AND MACAULAY.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

That my note on "The Writing of History" should have called forth the scholarly paper of "J. W. T." is greatly to its credit. It is the more so, however, that so able a pleader should have been compelled to resort to the dexterous parry the lawyers call a plea by way of confession and avoidance. For he admits all that is claimed for Macaulay, but denies that the latter lacks appreciation in the house of the doctrinaires.

Whose, then, are all the sneers I have been hearing for wellnigh fifty years? To all seeming they came straight from the schools of the pedants of research. It is true, they were couched in English so clumsy as forever to debar them from reaching posterity. Possibly his good taste has spared "J. W. T." the pain of reading them.

This correspondent also makes the point that there have been good writers of history since Macaulay, and instances a number of them. I gratefully agree with him, and wish that there were more of them. But surely this in no way contravenes my contention that the school of Stubbs and Freeman — which had such vogue in the last generation and still influences the present — deliberately slighted the graces of style and somehow infused into their admirers the notion that accuracy and bareness or slovenliness of diction were inseparable.

The argument, based on the declaration that Macaulay was a great artist and that we must not look to see his like in many an age, strikes me as having little bearing on the subject. It would be absurd for everybody to try to write like Macaulay: to use his methods and to adopt his spirit is a very different matter; and it is all that I contended for. Mannerism is a poor equipment for an author of any kind.

What Professors Adams and Hodder say of the necessity for thorough investigation before the work of the true historian begins, is of course sound doctrine; but there certainly is no intrinsic necessity for even the most careful and painstaking investigator to put crude material before the public and call it history. Yet that is what many have been doing, with but little adverse criticism to deter them.

As for Dr. Carl Becker, he tells us frankly that Macaulay bores him. Impossible as it is to understand his point of view, one must surmise that this judgment is based wholly on the attempt to read the History, and not the historical essays. It is inconceivable that any one should fail to find the latter delightful. As this gentleman dislikes Latin quotations (yet rashly uses one), I shall not quote the old adage as to tastes, but only remark that there are also those in this generation whom Walter Scott bores, just as there were few at the Restoration period who could abide Shakespeare. But one can forgive anything to a man who has so sound an opinion in regard to doctors' theses.

CHARLES WOODWARD HUTSON.

New Orleans, La., January 17, 1911.

The New Books.

TOLSTOY, ROMANCER AND REFORMER.*

An unforeseen timeliness marks the appearance of Mr. Aylmer Maude's "Life of Tolstoy." Brought to a conclusion only a few months before the great Russian's death, and published almost simultaneously with that closing of the book of his life, the biography, in its two thick volumes of fine print, presents a complete and authoritative account of Tolstoy's life-history. The writer's twenty-three years' residence in Russia, and his intimate acquaintance with the author-moralist whose works he and Mrs. Maude have done so much to render accessible to English readers, together with Tolstoy's expressed confidence in his biographer's scholarly equipment and thorough trustworthiness, inspire a not unreasonable confidence in the elaborate work now offered to the British and American public after a careful revision at the hands of Countess Tolstoy.

The treatment of Tolstoy's life and character naturally divides itself into two parts: the history of the romancer and the history of the reformer; and to each of these a volume is devoted, although with much inevitable overlapping on both sides. These two personalities of the man become more and more at war with each other as he grows older, the moralist and reformer finally almost displacing the creative artist of the earlier years. But while the two natures are felt to be mutually antagonistic, each grievously hampering the free activity of the other, they yet in a certain sense aid and strengthen each other; for without his deep moral convictions Tolstoy could not have made his fiction so impressive and of so powerful appeal to humanity at large, nor without his fine mastery of literary art could he have reached so many readers with his ethical, religious, and social-reform writings.

How early the serious problems of life, and even some of the abstruse questions of metaphysics, began to interest him is revealed in the story of his life. It even appears that when about twelve years of age he arrived, unaided, at a pretty clear notion of the meaning of "solipsism," without of course knowing that this was its name. A passage from his much later written "Boyhood," quoted by Mr. Maude, makes this apparent. As revealing thus early the combined speculative, self-indulgent, and

*THE LIFE OF TOLSTOY. By Aylmer Maude. In two volumes. Illustrated. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

self-chastising elements in his nature the following extract is significant:

"It will hardly be believed what were the favorite and most common subjects of my reflection in my boyhood — so incompatible were they with my age and situation . . . At one time the thought occurred to me that happiness does not depend on external causes, but on our relation to them; and that a man accustomed to bear suffering cannot be unhappy. To accustom myself therefore to endurance, I would hold Tatishef's dictionaries in my outstretched hand for five minutes at a time, though it caused me terrible pain; or I would go to the lumber room and flog myself on my bare back with a cord so severely that tears started to my eyes. At another time, suddenly remembering that death awaits me every hour and every minute, I decided (wondering why people had not understood this before) that man can only be happy by enjoying the present and not thinking of the future; and for three days, under the influence of this thought, I abandoned my lessons, and did nothing but lie on my bed and enjoy myself, reading a novel and eating honey-gingerbreads, on which I spent my last coins. . . . But no philosophic current swayed me so much as scepticism, which at times brought me to the verge of insanity. I imagined that except myself no one and nothing existed in the world, that objects are not objects but apparitions, appearing only when I pay attention to them, and disappearing as soon as I cease to think of them. . . . There were moments in which, under the influence of this fixed idea, I reached such a stage of absurdity that I glanced quickly round hoping to catch Nothingness by surprise where I was not."

Very early there appear signs of his zeal for reform, and his restless desire to make over the world according to the ideal that, for the time being, presented itself to him as the pattern of perfection. In one of his many and usually discreditable love affairs we find him actually engaged to be married to an apparently respectable girl; but in a sudden fit of moral reform he allowed himself to assume toward her the rôle which, twenty-five years later, he was to play for the benefit of the world at large, and reproached her with the unworthy and frivolous nature of her interests and occupations, giving vent to some scathing sarcasms against the fashionable society she found so delightful, and making himself so odious to the lively young lady that one cannot be surprised at the discontinuance, not long afterward, of their intimacy.

Some of the hereditary influences that shaped Tolstoy's character are traced by the author. On his father's side, and still more on his mother's, he came of aristocratic stock more or less in passive opposition to the ruling powers and sharing the humanitarian sympathies prevalent in the early years of the reign of Alexander I. A cousin of Tolstoy's mother was one of the Decembrists, and on the accession of Nicholas in 1825 participated in their unsuccessful attempt to establish a constitutional government; for which he was exiled to eastern Siberia for thirty years and condemned to hard labor in irons for a part of that period. From Tolstoy's mother it was that Tolstoy the novelist inherited his genius for romance and his remarkable language sense. She was a woman of education, had five languages at her command, and possessed a remarkable gift for impromptu fictitious narrative of the most delightful description. In the same way that afterward the son could hold a circle of army comrades spellbound by the charm of his improvised tales, so the mother would in her maidenhood draw around her a group of companions who gladly forsook the fascinations of the ball to hear her tell a story in a dark room where her shyness would be shielded by the gloom. "Her most valuable quality," Tolstoy has related, "was that though hot-tempered she was yet self-restrained." Of the father, early cut off by an attack of apoplexy, some pleasing traits are sketched in "Childhood," from which it appears that he was most agreeably remembered by the son as "sitting with grandmother on the sofa, helping her to play Patience. My father," he adds, "was polite and tender with every one, but to my grandmother he was always particularly tenderly submissive." Leo was the youngest of the five children (four sons and a daughter) born to Nicholas and Marie Tolstoy, and he lost his mother in 1830, when he was not much over eighteen months old, and his father seven years later. His Aunt Tatiana (in reality a very distant relative, but affectionately called "aunty" by the orphans) was in some sort a mother to Leo after his own mother's death, and seems to have had great influence over him.

Tolstoy's university days at Kazan and St. Petersburg, his army experiences in the Caucasus and in the Crimean War, the irregularities and impetuosities that preceded his happy marriage at the age of thirty-four, and his subsequent fruitful years at Moscow and at Yasnaya Polyana (his birthplace and the part of the family property that fell to his share when he came of age), are all treated with fulness of detail by his biographer, who has made wise use of Tolstoy's own writings, both his letters and his published works, to illustrate his development and indicate his dominant aims and interests.

It is not surprising to find that from the very start Tolstoy's writing activities were hampered in the most trying fashion by the official censor

of the press. In an early letter to his brother Sergius he complains that "*Childhood* was spoilt and *The Raid* simply ruined by the Censor. All that was good in it has been struck out or mutilated." With no freedom in the literary expression of his germinating ideas and ideals, the wonder is that Tolstoy gained so early and so marked success as he did. The non-Russian reader of his life will see reason to be thankful not to owe submission to any such despicable satellite of despotism as strove to put out the new light that was breaking on the world of letters in the middle of the last century. Characteristic criticisms of his earlier works are quoted by Mr. Maude from the author's own lips. These comments, it will of course be remembered, are from Tolstoy the reformer.

"He told me that in *War and Peace* and *Anna Karénina* his aim was simply to amuse his readers. I am bound to accept his statement; but one has only to read either of those books to see that through them Tolstoy's ardent nature found vent, with all its likes and dislikes, strivings, yearnings, hopes, and fears. I asked Tolstoy why in *What is Art?* he relegates these great novels to the realm of 'bad art'; and his answer showed, as I expected it would, that he does not really consider them at all bad, but condemns them merely as being too long, and written in a way chiefly adapted to please the leisured well-to-do classes, who have time for reading novels in several volumes, because other people do their rough work for them. Of *War and Peace* he said, 'It is, one would think, harmless enough, but one never knows how things will affect people,' and he went on to mention, with regret, that one of Professor Zahárin's daughters had told him that from his novels she had acquired a love of balls and parties; things of which, at the time of our conversation, he heartily disapproved."

Like all authors of repute, Tolstoy was sought out and more or less grievously pestered by aspiring and admiring young writers, poets, and would-be poets, and by the idle curious who swarm about a celebrity of any sort. To one of these uninvited visitors, who had brought a set of verses with him and desired the great man's opinion of them, he delivered himself in the following frank and characteristic fashion:

"There is nothing original here; and besides, everybody writes poems nowadays. There are hundreds and hundreds of people turning them out! And not one of them writes a single good line. In the days of Poushkin and Lérmontof there used to be poetry, but not now. Verses have gone out of fashion. And what's the good of them? You will agree that prose expresses our thoughts much better — it is easier to read and has more sense in it. Take our conversation, for instance: We say what we want to. But if some one tried to put it into verse, it would come out all upside-down. Wherever a definite, clear expression is wanted, it either spoils the rhythm, or doesn't suit the style: and one has to substitute some other word, often far from the real meaning."

Little has here been said of Tolstoy's later labors. With these, and with the abnormal place in his mind occupied by the sex question, the second volume of Mr. Maude's work chiefly concerns itself. One cannot but be disagreeably impressed with the strength and persistence of Tolstoy's animal passions, and with his morbid fondness for puzzling over the eternally insoluble sex problem. His biographer, in picturing him as gaining in old age a glorious victory over his baser nature, gives him perhaps too much credit. The low desires that we gradually outgrow we are always too prone to regard as triumphantly overcome.

The reason why Tolstoy himself, and why this life of him, are so fascinatingly interesting must be chiefly because the man so strikingly illustrates the duality in all human nature. He is ever at war with himself, and yet no complete conquest on either side is possible or, indeed, desirable. The study of his troubled life helps one better to understand what is meant by the "eternal antinomies."

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

PENNSYLVANIA IN HISTORY.*

Pennsylvania has always been somewhat in the case of the man who lost his shadow. However great or formidable it was, it did not seem to project any effluence beyond itself; people did not see any Bröcken spirit cast upon the clouds. The good and sufficient reason for this has been the distrust and depreciation of literature which has always prevailed in the Keystone State. The Quaker blood, the Dutch temperament, the tincture of the Southern spirit — a spirit which has always seen everything in society as Malebranche saw everything in God, — have combined to keep down any literary outburst or output. Pennsylvania has been a bitter stepmother to her imaginative sons; at best, it has regarded them as a hen does her brood of ducklings. While New England made idols of its writers, Pennsylvania has turned such unprofitable children out of doors for fear that they might impart some touch of color to the drab of its disposition or suspend for a single minute the maxims of Poor Richard. It has been Sparta in act but Bœotia in thought.

*PENNSYLVANIA IN AMERICAN HISTORY. By Hon. Samuel Whitaker Pennypacker. Philadelphia: William J. Campbell.

It has said to all within its borders, "Do something useful, and be honored. Invent a shovel, or be a magistrate." It has never realized that imagination and enthusiasm and charm prevail more mightily over mankind than utility. What is the result? New England's influence has been, and is, dominant from the Atlantic to the Pacific; the sayings and doings of a group of not absolutely first-rate writers are treasured all over the world. There are people in England and Germany who really think that America consists of Concord, Brook Farm, Walden Pond, and Harvard University. But Pennsylvania has depended on the Deed and despised the Word, — and the Word and the world have left it severely alone.

No charge of disregarding the Word can be brought against Ex-Governor Pennypacker, whose book on "Pennsylvania in American History" has just been published. For many years the author has held up the historian's torch to illuminate the greatness and virtues of his State. He has not only had to face criticism and misrepresentation from without, but some hatred and obloquy from his own folk. To be shot in the back by the soldiers you are trying to urge to victory is the hardest fate that can befall a captain.

The deeds and men of Pennsylvania have been mighty, in very truth. Take its generals of the Civil War, — Meade, McClellan, Hancock, Reynolds, McCall, Humphreys, Birney, Gibbon, Park, Naglee, Smith, Cadwallader, Crawford, Heintzelman, Franklin, Gregg, Geary, Pennypacker, and Hartranft. It is hardly too much to say that this galaxy equalled in military talents and proved efficiency all that all the other Northern States contributed to the officering of the Union armies. Or take its three great names of the Revolution, — Franklin, Morris, and Wayne. The success of the American cause was probably due as much to them as to any other three who can be named. Ex-Governor Pennypacker shows that Morris financed the Revolution, Stephen Girard the War of 1812, and Jay Cooke the Civil War. Franklin was of Massachusetts birth, but his life-work was done in Pennsylvania. There are really two Franklins, — one, the great patriot, statesman, and philosopher, who loomed so large in the eyes of his contemporaries both here and in Europe; and the other the business man and retailer of petty proverbs, who was nothing in his own day, but who has since become the Franklin of fame and has stamped himself on the American mind. Ex-Governor Pennypacker quotes from Henry Adams's History of the United States this passage: "If the American Union succeeded, the good sense, liberality, and democratic spirit of Pennsylvania had a right to claim credit for the result." And again: "Had New England, New York, and Virginia been swept out of existence in 1800, democracy could have better spared them all than have lost Pennsylvania."

Ex-Governor Pennypacker discusses such matters as the history of Congress Hall in Philadelphia, the Louisiana Purchase, George Washington in Pennsylvania, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, German Immigration, the Dutch Patroons of Pennsylvania, the High-Water Mark of British Invasion, Gettsyburg, and a number of other allied subjects. One of the most engaging and valuable of his contributions to history is a somewhat extended biography of General Anthony Wayne. Though one of the most popular of American heroes, as his sobriquet "Mad Anthony" and the efflorescence of his name all over our map show, the facts of Wayne's career are little known. He fought from Canada in the North to Georgia in the South, and in after life against the Indians in Ohio. His most daring exploit—the capture of Stony Point—remains perhaps the most brilliant feat of arms in our history. With fourteen hundred men he attacked and captured a fort on a steep hill a hundred and fifty feet high, defended by six hundred British troops with eight cannon. But he was practically in everything during the Revolution—the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, Paoli, Monmouth, Yorktown, and Savannah,—and he was always sent to the front. Washington leaned on him more than on any other one man. His defeat of the Indians on the Miami opened the West to civilization. In most of his engagements during the Revolution, Wayne was in command of the Pennsylvania Line, an almost separate organization of thirteen regiments, which in the worst times formed the bulk of Washington's army. In a similar way, during the War of the Rebellion, Pennsylvania had a complete division in the field. The present writer feels a touch of personal interest in this last matter, because his father, who was a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature during the first three years of the Civil War, was of some service to Governor Curtin in passing the bill for the formation of the Pennsylvania Reserves.

Of this same Legislature, ex-Governor Pennypacker writes: "At half-past four on the morning of April 12, 1861, the rebels opened

fire upon Fort Sumter, in Charleston Harbor. Before the sun went down that day Pennsylvania had appropriated five hundred thousand dollars with which to arm the State. This first step in the war upon the part of the North, quick as a flash, three days before the call by the President for troops, followed by New York on the 15th, and the other States later, is one of those momentous and over-powering events that determine the fate of nations, to be remembered with the crossing of the Rubicon and the Dinner of the Beggars of the Sea."

Rather unaccountably, ex-Governor Pennypacker has omitted in his testimony any reference to the naval glories of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia was the nursery of the American navy, and Barry, Bainbridge, Dale, Stewart, Decatur, and Hull were natives or residents of that city.

Another lack which we confess we feel is the one glanced at near the beginning of this review,— a dearth of the humanizing light of letters. History is an elastic word, and in the modern conception of the term includes much besides Statesmanship and War. Ex-Governor Pennypacker has not made the most of what Pennsylvania has to show in this field. If he had given us a study of Charles Brockden Brown, the first American romance writer, who fascinated Shelley, influenced Hawthorne and Poe, and is good reading yet on his own account; if he had given us some account of Thomas Buchanan Read, some of whose graceful or fiery lyrics will live long in our literature; if, best of all, he had made an analysis, as he could probably do better than anyone else, of the genius of Charles Godfrey Leland, whose "Hans Breitman" is one of the greatest creations of American humor, he would, we think, have rounded out his book and given it a wider appeal. As it is, he has made a truthful, logical, and often eloquent plea for the preëminence of Pennsylvania.

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

THE HERO OF QUEBEC.*

Of the lives of great men of action — Napoleon, Cromwell, Washington, Nelson, and their kind — the world never grows tired. Such a man of action was James Wolfe, the appearance of a volume of whose letters is, or should be, an event of importance in the literary world. Editor and publisher have combined to produce a substantial and attractive volume, containing a great deal of material bearing on both the public and private life of the hero of Quebec which has never before appeared in print. The book will appeal to the average uncritical reader because of the intimate light it throws on the character of one whose brief career was so packed with dramatic situations and splendid achievements. That it will appeal with equal force to the serious student, is questionable. Undoubtedly the book contains material of the highest importance, not elsewhere accessible in print; and if the editor had carried out the promise of his preface, his work would rank with Doughty's "Siege of Quebec" and Wood's "Logs of the Conquest of Canada," filling in fact the one remaining gap in the literature of the great siege. The student had every right to expect that Mr. Willson would remember the one essential characteristic of such work — that his transcripts should agree word for word with the originals. Unfortunately, they do not. Not only is the spelling and punctuation of Wolfe's originals not followed, but whole sentences are omitted, or represented by only a word or two. It cannot be positively stated that this criticism applies to all the letters, as a large number of the originals are not accessible; but as it certainly does apply to some, there is reason to fear that the whole work is unreliable.

Not only is the text inaccurate, but the editor's comments are in many cases not what one would expect from one who has made such a close study of his subject. He refers to "Sir Charles Saunders" in 1759, although the admiral did not receive knighthood until 1761; similarly, Pitt is spoken of as "Chatham," though he was not elevated to the peerage until 1766. These are but trifles, comparatively. A much more serious error is the statement on page 422 that "Saunders was merely to coöperate with Wolfe, whenever that military commander should stand in need of such services as the navy only could give. Otherwise he was to 'cover' Wolfe's army, and keep control of his communications." He adds that Saunders exceeded his instructions, and gave Wolfe "a warm and loyal support." The King's secret instructions to Wolfe and Saunders bear no such interpretation. On the contrary, they make it perfectly plain that Saunders *was* expected to give Wolfe "a warm and loyal support"; that, in fact, the attack on Quebec was to be a joint one, in which the army and navy were to work in perfect harmony. The King wrote:

*THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JAMES WOLFE. By Beckles Willson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

"Whereas, the success of this Expedition will very much depend upon an entire Good Understanding between Our Land and Sea Officers, We do hereby strictly enjoin and require You, on Your part to maintain and cultivate such a good Understanding and Agreement, and to Order, that the Soldiers under Your Command shall man the Ships, when there shall be occasion for them, and when they can be spared from the Land Service, As the Commander in Chief of Our Squadron is instructed, on His Part to entertain and cultivate the same good Understanding and Agreement and to order the Sailors and Marines under His Command, to assist Our Land Forces and to man the Batteries, when there shall be occasion for them, and when they can be spared from the Sea Service; And in order to establish the strictest Union that may be, between You and the Commander in Chief of Our Ships, You are hereby required to communicate these Instructions to Him as He is directed to communicate those He shall receive from Us to You."

As to the Letters themselves, one would like to quote many passages for the sake of the new light they throw on Wolfe's character and motives, and the clarity of his vision as a military commander. One or two must, however, suffice. In one of the letters to his mother, we find this modest appreciation of his own merits:

"The officers of the army in general are persons of so little application to business and have been so ill educated, that it must not surprise you to hear that a man of common industry is in reputation amongst them. I reckon it a very great misfortune to this country that I, your son, who have, I know, but a very modest capacity, and some degree of diligence a little above the ordinary run, should be thought, as I generally am, one of the best officers of my rank in the service. I am not at all vain of the distinction. The comparison would do a man of genius very little honour, and does not illustrate me, by any means; and the consequence will be very fatal to me in the end, for as I rise in rank people will expect some considerable performances, and I shall be induced, in support of an ill-got reputation, to be lavish of my life, and shall probably meet that fate which is the ordinary effect of such conduct."

This was written in 1755, before the Rochefort expedition. That same disastrous campaign forms the text of one of Wolfe's letters to his friend Rickson, in November 1757, in which he lays down those sound principles of coöperation between army and navy which he was afterward to illustrate so brilliantly at Quebec, and the ignorance of which, on the part of his commanding officers, made the Rochefort expedition such a dismal failure. He says:

"I have found out that an Admiral should endeavor to run into an enemy's port immediately after he appears before it; that he should anchor the transport ships and frigates as close as he can to the land; that he should reconnoitre and observe it as quick as possible, and lose no time in getting the troops on shore; that previous directions should be given in respect to landing the troops, and a proper disposition made for the boats of all sorts, appointing leaders and fit persons for conducting the different divisions. On the other hand, experience shows me that, in an affair depending upon vigour and dispatch, the Generals should settle their plan of operations, so that no time may be lost in idle debate and consultations when the sword should be drawn; that pushing on smartly is the road to success, and more particularly so in an affair of this nature; that nothing is to be reckoned an obstacle to your undertaking which is not found really so upon trial; that in war something must be allowed to chance and fortune, seeing it is in its nature hazardous, and an option of difficulties; that the greatness of an object should come under consideration, opposed to the impediments that lie in the way; that the honour of one's country is to have some weight; and that, in particular circumstances and times, the loss of a thousand men is rather an advantage to a nation than otherwise, seeing that gallant attempts raise its reputation and make it respectable; whereas the contrary appearances sink the credit of a country, ruin the troops, and create infinite uneasiness and discontent at home."

An interesting point arises in connection with the fact that Durell, instead of sailing to the St. Lawrence at the earliest possible moment, kept his ships in idleness at Halifax, and so permitted Bougainville, with news of Pitt's plan of campaign, and with a couple of frigates and a score of storeships, to slip up the river to Quebec. Mr. Willson suggests that, had Durell done his duty, Wolfe, "instead of the long and dreary task before him, might have fallen on the enemy's weak point and won victory in July instead of September." The argument is not convincing, but it suggests a curious question: Had Quebec fallen in July, without the sacrifice of the life of the British general, Washington might have had to cope with the genius of Wolfe instead of with the mediocrity of the actual commanders. What, then, might have been the fate of America?

LAWRENCE J. BURPEE.

A HISTORY OF SIX MILLION YEARS.*

"When the Rabbit actually *took a watch out of its waistcoat-pocket*, and looked at it, and then hurried on, Alice started to her feet, for it flashed across her mind that she had never before seen a Rabbit with either a waistcoat-pocket or a watch to take out of it, and, burning with curiosity she ran across the field after it, and was just in time to see it pop down a large rabbit-hole under the hedge."—*Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.*

The modern student of animal life finds himself somewhat in the position of Alice. The close study of fossil mammals has revealed to him that these animals carry time-pieces, not exactly in their waistcoat pockets, but in their bones and teeth. Burning with curiosity, he

*THE AGE OF MAMMALS in Europe, Asia, and North America. By H. F. Osborn. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co.

pursues them in holes in the ground, whence he has extracted in recent years many of the wonders to be seen by anybody who will trouble himself to visit the larger museums.

The Age of Mammals, the subject of Professor Osborn's new book, may have lasted about six million years, more or less. Estimates vary from less than three to over six millions, but it is probable that the larger figure is more nearly correct. A million years is a long time, but it is only about five hundred times the distance between us and the birth of Christ. During the Age of Reptiles, when gigantic Dinosaurs walked the earth, our humble ancestors were slowly evolving. According to Professor Osborn, their real beginning, as mammals, was some fifteen million years prior to the "Age of Mammals." All through this long period they were small and despised, with little to suggest their future glories. Even at the end of the cretaceous, the dinosaurs "were in the climax of specialization and grandeur; they moved amidst a stately flora of palms and sequoias interspersed with bananas and fig trees, and a very rich deciduous tree flora of modern south temperate type." We do not know what blight overtook them; there was no world-catastrophe, for the plants show only gradual change. Perhaps the developing mammals, numerous and prolific if small, made away with the food supply. If a pair of rabbits and a pair of elephants were enclosed in the same pasture, and left to multiply as best they could, it would only be a matter of time for the rabbits to starve out the elephants. However it may have been, the great reptiles disappeared, leaving only a fauna resembling in most respects that of to-day, while the mammals began to increase in size and number of kinds. From this time on they underwent a rapid evolution, while most other forms of life were relatively stationary; hence they afford unrivalled chronological data, enabling us to determine the relative ages of different strata very exactly, although not knowing the actual time-period represented by each. Finally, as we near the present age, man appears, first of all in types so low that they are now considered to belong to extinct species of Homo.

Is it fair to unscientific readers to recommend to them such a book as that of Professor Osborn? The author himself says: "Although I may not claim that any parts of this volume are light reading, I have endeavored both to hold the attention of those who are already within the charmed temples of palæontology and to attract new votaries to its shrines. It should, however, be clearly understood that considerable sections of this work are purely documentary and may be passed over rapidly by the general reader." This admitted, he nevertheless declares that he shares "Huxley's confidence in addressing those who are willing to do a little serious thinking in order to enjoy the vast vistas of interesting truth which come as the reward of effort." In truth, the work is largely technical, yet not unintelligible. It sets forth, in a manner not before attempted, the history of that time in which the modern mammals, and finally man, evolved; a tremendous drama of absorbing interest, only now beginning to be well understood. It is beautifully illustrated by maps and photographic figures, and especially by Mr. Charles R. Knight's very clever and spirited restorations of the extinct animals. Are the cultured classes of to-day so stupid or so lazy that they can get nothing out of all this? Such a suggestion would be unjust, yet are there not grounds for a suspicion that the mass of easy reading everywhere available tends to crowd out serious forms of literature? This is indeed a familiar complaint, and perhaps there is no remedy. Nevertheless, I believe that something may be done to stem the evil tide. Suppose that some suitable organization or journal were to take particular pains to pick out and enumerate the new books which really added to human thought, and were not too technical to be fairly intelligible (no new body of ideas is likely to be *wholly* intelligible to anyone!) to the cultured lay reader. Suppose then that those interested in the movement, with or without definite organization, made it their business to get acquainted with as many of these works as possible, to talk about them, and have them placed in public libraries. I can imagine such a movement doing much to initiate more robust intellectual habits, though it might occasionally deteriorate, the boundary between honesty and humbug having worn so thin.

T. D. A. Cockerell.

Since writing his introductions to the various volumes of Dickens's works that have appeared in "Everyman's Library," Mr. G. K. Chesterton has discovered a good deal more to say about Dickens, his times and his characters. He has therefore been revising and enlarging his introductions, and they have been collected and are to be published in a separate volume by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. Mr. Chesterton has written two entirely new chapters for this book, and it will contain some hitherto unpublished portraits of Dickens taken by a friend.

The Genius of Balzac.*

The fame of Balzac has grown enormously in the last half-century. Of his own generation, he alone fully recognized his supremacy as a novelist. His contemporaries preferred the lurid fiction of Sue and Soulié to the *Comédie humaine*, and even Sainte-Beuve compared his genius to these masters of ultra-Romantic barbarity. Sixty years have passed, however, since the publication of that famous *causerie*, and the enemies of Balzac have long since joined him in the grave. Death has brought forgetfulness, and time a truer perspective. The personal idiosyncrasies of the author — his vulgarity and his egotism — have dwindled into matters of literary history; and what survives for us is the creator of the modern novel.

It would seem that the time were ripe for an adequate biography. Antiquarians have raked over all the old anecdotes. Students have spent days comparing and verifying the data of Balzac's life. Even his note-book is soon to be published, and we shall lack nothing of importance except the last letters to Mme. Hanska. In spite of this, however, we have no adequate French biography. Brunétière and Monsieur Le Breton have kept to literary criticism, and the Vicomte de Lovenjoul to antiquarian research and bibliography.

The result of this is a second English Life of Balzac, reflecting this recent scholarship on its antiquarian side. It makes a very interesting volume, and Mr. Lawton deserves the thanks of all Anglo-Saxon readers. He has brought together all the important facts and anecdotes, briefly analyzed the novels, and enriched his narrative by an admirable selection of illustrations. An excellent introductory chapter fixes the subject in its historical background, and upon this canvas the figure of Balzac is depicted with no glossing of realistic detail. The great novelist was not a literary Galahad, and perhaps this fact has contributed somewhat to the coldness of the picture. The vivid portraits accent this lack of warmth. "Exceedingly sane," however, the book certainly is; for the first time we have a study of Balzac in which the adjective "vertiginous" is not employed!

But such excellence is not without its defects. Admirable as a corrective to partizan enthusiasm, interesting enough as a collection of anecdotes, Mr. Lawton's delineation will fail to inspire the general reader. We could have wished for a portrait less purely external. The ideal biography will have its reservations, surely; but after all its criticism, it will present the personal force of the man. It will justify to us the conception of Rodin. Mr. Lawton's Balzac, one must confess, could hardly have written the *Comédie humaine*. He is less the genius of the letters than the vulgar little man of the anecdotes, and many of the anecdotes present a figure which seems to be almost wholly clay. Honoré de Balzac was, undoubtedly, a tremendous egotist; and if we can forgive that quality in a living person, we cannot forgive the egotism of those whom we have never known. We know that Balzac's egotism was balanced by all those qualities which go to make up personal charm. His contemporaries loved him — or hated him; the warmth of his genius vitalized them all. But two generations later we can only recapture that vital heat in his novels or his letters, a task of greater difficulty than the interpretation of the anecdotes. And so the biographer is led to forget the genius in the bourgeois gentilhomme.

We must remodel our conception of genius. All the genius of Shakespeare did not give him the moral repulsion of his age toward the actor's life, or turn his exuberant manhood from the petty crime of deer-poaching. All the genius of Balzac did not prevent him from engaging to write an article, and then dickering with a nameless author to furnish him with the product for him to sign and sell. But this does not militate against the genius. It only complicates the task of the biographer. He must give us a synthetic picture, a picture with its light and shade, but with the force of unity throughout. He must interpret the man by the genius or the genius by the man; the only escape from this dilemma means the reduction of biography to pure antiquarianism. But we need not go so far. It is his art which reveals most clearly the subconscious part of the artist's mind, and the qualities by which the artist lives for us are, after all, the qualities by which *he* really lived. The true biographer will find the genius more important than the man.

This is the task which confronts the would-be biographer of Balzac. It explains the lack of a French biography, and it may serve to excuse the defects of this one. The story of Balzac's life might be made more wonderful than any of his novels; it seems more wonderful in the letters to Mme. Hanska. For these letters are a veritable journal. Egotistic but vital with

*Balzac. By Frederick Lawton, M.A. Illustrated. New York: Wessels & Bissell Co.

energy, crude, uncorrected, spontaneous, they give us Balzac's very self; his personality rises from their pages as the genie from the jar in the Eastern tale. One feels at last the personal force of his genius. We can almost see him at his writing table — its solid mahogany worn by the constant friction of his arm, as for eighteen hours a day he composed or corrected his novels, scribbling "between two proofs" the letters to his Russian *Princesse lointaine*. We feel the fire of his inspiration, "work, always work, nights of flame succeeding nights of flame, days of meditation to days of meditation, execution to conception, conception to execution." We hear his exultant cry as he recounts his accomplishment, see the reaction and note the cost:

"To-day I have finished 'La Recherche de l'Absolu.' Heaven grant that the work be good and beautiful. I cannot judge of it; I am too weary with toil."

"This morning I rebelled against my solitude. I wanted to roam the world, to see what the Landstrasse was, to put my fingers into the Danube . . . in short. to do anything but write pages; to be *living* instead of turning pale over phrases!"

This is the real Balzac, the vividness of whose personality Mr. Lawton has missed. Nor are such passages unique in these letters:

"Between this dolour and the distant light of love, what are men, the world, society! There is nothing possible but the incessant work into which I throw myself — work, my saviour, which will give me liberty and return to me my wings. I quivered on reading your reasoning: 'No letters, he is coming.' . . . I am seized by periodic furies to leave all behind me, to escape, to spring into a carriage! Then the chains clank down; I see the thickness of my dungeon. If I come to you it will be a surprise, for I can no longer make decisions on that subject."

These are details, perhaps, that Mr. Lawton would better have left in the words of Honoré de Balzac, instead of questioning the depth of the novelist's love. And against the vulgarities of Balzac's egotism he might have set another paragraph, equally egotistic, but overlooked in his biography:

"My life is varied only by ideas; physically, it is monotonous. I speak confidentially with no one but Mme. de Berny or with you. I find that one should communicate but little with petty minds. . . . I am vowed to great feelings — and it *is* an odd contrast with my apparent levity. . . . What sentiments, feelings, I have made visible in my work is but the faint shadow of the light that is in me . . . In twelve years I have had neither anger nor impatience; the heaven of my heart has always been blue. Any other attitude is, to my thinking, impotence. Strength should be a unit,— and after having for seven years measured myself with misfortune and vanquished it, and risen, to gain literary royalty, every night with a will more determined than that of the night before, I have, I think, the right to call myself strong."

This is the Balzac of Rodin. Everything about him is colossal, even his faults. The very virtues assume in him a monstrous quality; his industry, like his extravagance, has all the excess of a debauch. "At this moment I am a little drunk with work," he cries; and, in another place, "I have no time to live . . . my life is a torrent." In the Romantic generation, so full of curious types and exotic temperaments, he seems almost like a man of to-day. And it is the life of to-day that he interprets, the materialism of which one critic claims that Balzac was the creator. He was not the creator but the diviner of that nascent materialism, now grown like a cancer into our modern life, just as Musset was the interpreter of the Romantic malady of his own age. Absolute opposites, Musset and Balzac sum up the nineteenth century. Musset's moral suicide typifies the shattering of Romantic theories. Balzac's herculean energy foreshadows our modern strenuosity, affording us a spectacle probably unique in art, the incarnation of a Napoleonic will.

LEWIS PIAGET SHANKS.

RECENT FICTION.*

For some time past we have been hearing of a prodigious French novel entitled "Jean-Christophe," the work of M. Romain Rolland. The author has not hitherto been known as a novelist, but as a critic of music and the drama, a playwright, and a biographer of musicians. His "Jean-Christophe" has been appearing in sections, each of them the length of an ordinary work of fiction, and the end is not yet, although the author is well on the way toward having written a million words. During recent months, our curiosity has been whetted by certain

*JEAN-CHRISTOPHE. Dawn — Morning — Youth — Revolt. By Romain Rolland. Translated by Gilbert Cannan. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

MRS. FITZ. By J. C. Snaith. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

LADY GOOD-FOR-NOTHING. A Man's Portrait of a Woman. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

PEOPLE OF POSITION. By Stanley Portal Hyatt. New York: Wessels & Bissell Co.

MAX. By Katherine Cecil Thurston. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE WAY UP. By M. P. Willcocks. New York: John Lane Co.

THE SIEGE OF THE SEVEN SUITORS. By Meredith Nicholson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

THE IMPOSTER. A Tale of Old Annapolis. By John Reed Scott. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

OUT OF DROWNING VALLEY. By S. Carleton Jones. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

DIXIE HART. By Will N. Harben. New York: Harper & Brothers.

expressions of critical opinion which have seemed to verge upon the extravagant, and, altogether, we are glad that the work is to be placed in the hands of English readers. We say "is to be" advisedly, for the volume of six hundred pages now translated by Mr. Gilbert Cannan reproduces only about one-half of the French text already published, and we cannot say what fraction it will prove to be of the work when completed. It comprises the four sections called "Dawn," "Morning," "Youth," and "Revolt," and leaves the hero a youth of twenty, at the outset of his real career. A few words about the author may be of interest. He was born in 1866, a Frenchman of unmixed descent. He got his education in Paris and Rome, and it was in the latter city, in 1890, that he met Malwida von Meysenbug (made the victim of an extraordinary error in the present translation by being called "Weysenburg"), the friend of Kossuth, Mazzini, Herzen, Blanc, and most of the other great mid-century idealists. This famous woman influenced him deeply, and found his spirit closely akin to theirs. It was at this time that the embryo of "Jean-Christophe" took shape in his mind, although the book was not to be actually undertaken for many years. Meanwhile, M. Rolland was winning his spurs as lecturer, critic, and dramatist, and as the author of lives of Beethoven, Michel Angelo, and Hugo Wolf. He describes in the following terms the motives which impelled him to write the work now under consideration:

> "I was isolated: like so many others in France, I was stifling in a world morally inimical to me. I wanted air: I wanted to react against an unhealthy civilization, against ideas corrupted by a sham élite: I wanted to say to them: 'You lie! You do not represent France!' To do so I needed a hero with a pure heart and unclouded vision, whose soul should be stainless enough for him to have the right to speak; one whose voice should be loud enough for him to gain a hearing. I have patiently begotten this hero. The work was in conception for many years before I set myself to write a word of it. Christophe only set out on his journey when I had been able to see the end of it for him."

It takes a good deal of a book to justify so large and ideal a conception as this, but we are inclined to believe that the author has "made good." It is the sort of book into which a man puts the whole of himself, the sort of book which, once written, makes it almost inconceivable that its author should ever produce another. Its enormous length may cause affright, and few will resist the temptation to skim over the surface in a good many places. It has not the compelling power and the closeness of texture which hold us to the pages of such books as "Joseph Vance" and "The Old Wives' Tale," for example, but it is a work of such deep sincerity and power of psychological analysis that even a hurried perusal cannot fail to leave a lasting impression. M. Rolland's hero is a genius by temperament, and a musician by accident. He is a native of a little village on the Rhine, and necessarily a German, since his character is that of a musician in the most idealistic sense. He becomes an adopted Frenchman by an act of revolt against the brutal militarism of his native country, and remains a Frenchman from the time when he finds refuge across the frontier. There is something symbolical in this, for, as the translator says: "The book itself breaks down the frontier between France and Germany. If one frontier is broken, all are broken. The truth about anything is universal truth." We might add that it is the peculiar province of the musician to express universal truth, and to know no barriers of soil, or of race, or of speech. The author says that he has "always conceived and thought of the life of his hero and of the book as a river." It is the flow of the Rhine that mingles with Jean-Christophe's earliest infant imaginings, and the thought of his own life as a river is one that is always present in his mind. Moreover, "the river is explored as though it were absolutely uncharted. Nothing that has ever been said or thought of life is accepted without being brought to the test of Jean-Christophe's own life." We do not believe that this is the method of the greatest art — whatever Tolstoyans may think — but it is M. Rolland's method, and we must take his book upon its own terms if we are to get from it what it has to offer. Anything like a summary of the book, or even of the portion now translated, is out of the question in this review. Two hundred pages are needed for the first fifteen years of the boy's life, and four hundred for the next five. We are simply given the chronicle of the countless incidents and imaginings, the countless defeats and triumphs, of those tender years. The boy is morbidly sensitive, with a tenfold endowment of passion, of capacity for happiness or grief. When he awakens to self-consciousness, it is in a stolid world which does not understand him in the least. He longs for love and sympathy, and finds only indifference and self-interest. He makes unselfish advances, and is rebuffed. He glows, and is chilled. Moreover, his environment is for the most part sordid and miserable. He is a human boy, also, and makes missteps, but his inherent purity and idealism save him from disaster. And he gradually works his way out of bewilderment into something like fulness of vision. But no words of ours can account in any adequate way for this book, which is clearly one of the most vital and significant works of fiction that our age has produced.

One always wonders what Mr. Snaith is going to do next, and is sure only that it will be something surprising. And "Mrs. Fitz" is assuredly a surprising successor to "Fortune," "Araminta," and "William Jordan, Junior." It is a blend of Meredithian comedy and "Zenda" romance, being concerned with a Princess of Illyria who marries an English gentleman, and scandalizes the countryside by her ways. The good people of the county do not know her origin, and take her to be a circus woman whom Fitzwaren has picked up somewhere. The Illyrians wish to get her back, and to annul her marriage, because she is next in succession to the sovereign, and her match has been of the runaway sort. So they first seek to kidnap her, and failing in this, they get the King himself to visit England

under a transparent incognito, to plead with her in the interests of the dynasty. The old King is an engaging rascal, and has his way with the recalcitrant princess to the extent of persuading her to return with him. But he is assassinated soon thereafter, and thus it becomes the task of the deserted husband and a band of loyal friends to rescue the Princess from her Illyrian durance, and bring her triumphantly back to the English domestic hearth. It all makes the liveliest of stories, and combines real characterization and delicate social satire with the more robust melodrama of its main action.

Colonial New England in the eighteenth century is the scene of "Lady Good-for-Nothing," which is the latest blend of history with romance contrived for us by Mr. Quiller-Couch. It offers a bitter arraignment of the puritan spirit, and a strong love-story, the two figures chiefly concerned being those of a New England girl and a King's official. The girl's brutal treatment at the hands of the puritan magistrates — she is publicly flogged for Sabbath-breaking — so arouses the official's indignation that he champions her cause, and even demands to be set beside her in the stocks. Thus begins a very tender and beautiful romance, which is continued as the girl grows into the woman under the new surroundings provided by her rescuer, and leads to the efflorescence of a passionate love between them. This love is not sanctioned by the church, because the woman has become so embittered toward religion that she will have none of that consecration, but only narrow souls would deny that she remains a pure woman. Afterwards, the scene shifts to Lisbon, where Sir Oliver grows recreant to his obligations, and wickedly yields to the fascinations of a Portuguese charmer. Whereupon the Earthquake sharply recalls him to his duty, and almost reduces him to a death-bed repentance. But he is spared, after all, and Ruth consents to be made his wife in the sight of the law. This latter part of the story is given us largely by indirection, in extracts from imaginary letters, a sort of narrative in which the author is particularly skilful. This is one of the best of Mr. Quiller-Couch's many good books, and its interest is unfailing. That interest has for its elements a piquant humor, a deft use of historical fact, a power of incisive characterization, and a spiritual insight, such as few writers of fiction have at their command.

A man of good English family, who has been an adventurer in various parts of the globe for some ten years, and who has signally failed to "make good," yields to the call of home, and returns to London. The well-to-do members of his family look upon him as a black sheep, and their welcome is not exactly cordial; but they have a sense of duty of a certain sort, and are much concerned lest the vagrant brother do something to discredit him. They are "People of Position," in the City and the world of villadom, and their only standards are those of respectability and worldly success. Now Jimmy Grierson, who would willingly have met them half way, is so chilled by their attitude, and so repelled by their prim conventionality, that he seeks metal more attractive, and soon finds it in the charming person of Lalage Penrose, a victim of the London streets. With her he contracts a *liaison* which is delightful while it lasts, but for which the exiguous income of a Fleet Street journalist, with a precarious footing at best, coupled with a tendency to drown his sorrows in the cup that inebriates, does not provide an adequate basis. Then they are torn apart, Lalage going into rural retirement for a season of repentance, and Jimmy into seclusion to become a great novelist. He is thus fairly on the way toward social rehabilitation, and soon gets so far as to contract an engagement with the canon's daughter, when his past is disclosed to her horrified ears, and the fat is all in the fire. He now turns his back for good upon the world of smug conventionality, hunts up Lalage in her country retreat, begs her forgiveness for his desertion, and persuades her to marry him. The author of this rather sordid and far from original story is Mr. Stanley Portal Hyatt, whose novels have hitherto concerned themselves with colonial life, and who does not seem quite at home in his new environment. His bitterness toward "people of position" is such that he cannot invest them with any redeeming qualities, while on the other hand he endows his heroine (in spite of her lapses) with most of the imaginable virtues, and makes her the chief object of our sympathetic interest. This, of course, is an easy thing to do if one resolutely sets about it, but the morality of the proceeding is dubious, to say the least.

A young woman of the Russian nobility, having had an unfortunate matrimonial experience, and, being in imminent danger of another, resorts to the somewhat unusual expedient of cutting off her beautiful hair, donning man's clothes, and fleeing to Paris. Her name is Maxine, which she conveniently abbreviates to the first syllable, and thus the last touch is given to the transformation. She is an artist in soul, and establishes herself in a studio at Montmartre, where she sets feverishly about developing her new career. A warm-hearted Irishman whose acquaintance she has made on the journey, is touched by her charm (but of course all the time thinks her a boy) and constitutes himself her friend-in-chief. A delightful *camaraderie* grows up between them, the man quite naturally unable to account to himself for the appeal which she makes to him. Love has its inevitable way, after the girl has struggled in vain against it, and after the man has learned her secret. This is the story of Mrs. Thurston's "Max," and it is one of the tenderest and loveliest stories that are often met with. Flushed with the spirit of youth, and sweet with the fragrance of sentiment, it is a pure and gracious idyl, yet not untouched by the deeper suggestion of passion. Other figures play their parts in the drama, and supply effective foils for hero and heroine. And perhaps the most exquisite touch of all is provided

by the use of phrases from Charpentier's "Louise" as leading motives for the action. Nothing could be more fitting or more beautifully conceived than this heightening of the novelist's art by borrowings from the sister art of music.

Miss M. P. Willcocks, in "The Way Up," has given us a strong and absorbingly interesting novel which judiciously mingles an economic with a domestic interest. The former is provided by Michael Strode's experiment in industrial coöperation, the latter by his marrying the wrong woman. He first comes before us as a young man fresh from the university, who is facing the world with a determination to reform it, or at least some small spot of it. This means that he turns aside from the smooth path prepared for him by the wealthy uncle who has provided his education, enlists in the ranks of the workers, and aims to achieve success by his own unaided efforts. This is rather scandalizing to his people, who are of good social standing; but he proves his mettle, and establishes the coöperative enterprise of his dreams. It is really his wife's money which makes this outcome possible, and when he discovers that her ideals are at the opposite pole from his, and that she has married him with the notion that she would bend him to her wishes, he is found unexpectedly stubborn, and refuses to yield an inch. Upon this, she goes her way, takes to the stage, and becomes a popular actress. Her withdrawal cripples the business, but he carries it on with grim determination, and his iron will eventually accomplishes its purpose. Meanwhile, the right woman is near him all the time, an associate in his daily affairs, and when the wife dies, is more than willing to become her successor. This is the dry outline of a novel which makes anything but dry reading. Miss Willcocks has an extraordinary power of characterization, and has given us a group of eight or ten very real and strongly individualized people. Her work has, moreover, an intellectual quality far out of the common, exhibited both in her dialogue and her descriptive passages. The book is one in which ideas are everywhere astir, yet it is not made arid by any lack of human sympathy. It almost seems to us to deserve the statement that it carries on the sane tradition of George Eliot's novels, and has many of that great writer's qualities of substantial workmanship.

Written in a vein suggestive of "The New Arabian Nights," whimsical, ingenious, and diverting, "The Siege of the Seven Suitors" will be found a source of mild enjoyment by all who find their way to its pages. Mr. Meredith Nicholson has written more exciting novels than this, and novels more seriously related to life, but nothing of surer appeal and charm. It concerns the sentimental history of a young woman whose eccentric and romantic maiden aunt has devised an original plan for fitting her niece with a husband. The seventh man who proposes is to win her, but of course none of the aspirants knows that a too early declaration will seal his fate. The fun waxes fast and furious when the possible winners are reduced to two in number, and it becomes necessary so to engineer their movements as to dispose of the wrong one first. The chief agent in bringing about the desired result is a "consultant in chimneys," who is a guest in the country house which witnesses all these stirring complications, and who gets the heroine's sister Hezekiah as a consolation prize for his disinterested activities.

Mr. John Reed Scott is a pleasant romancer, devoid of virility and dramatic force, but skilful in neat structural devices, vivacious, and entertaining. "The Imposter," his latest production, is a tale of Annapolis in colonial days (the Stamp Act period), and has to do with the fortunes of a fair English visitor, besieged by many suitors, and the belle of the province. Among these suitors is an engaging rascal who sojourns in Annapolis under a borrowed name, and cuts a wide swath in the local society. He must be described as a villain *manqué*, for he has good qualities, after all, which are permitted to emerge in time to make of him an acceptable husband for Miss Stirling, in the reader's estimation no less than in her own. The chief excitement of the tale is provided by a raid of pirates — real pirates, with a gentlemanly cut-throat for their leader — upon the shores of Chesapeake Bay. The unmasking of Long Sword, and the scene in which he makes a gallant end, are quite well done in the manner of artificial romance.

"Out of Drowning Valley," by Mr. L. Carleton Jones, may be described as a "rattling" good story of a plucky adventurer who has been in Sing Sing, a spirited girl, a resourceful villain, and a gold mine guarded by a secretive tribe of Indians. The hero befriends an Indian who lets him into the secret, the girl saves his life and makes him a devoted lover, and the villain seeks to compass the destruction of both, being ingeniously disposed of when his villainies have reached their sum. We are kept in suspense by being made to believe that the hero has a wife in the East, and the heroine's discovery of this woman's existence creates the temporary estrangement without which no well-planned novel of the present species would be complete. But the wife turns out to be only a stepmother, and the man's convict record only the result of his mistaken chivalry in bearing the consequences of her misdeeds. Even at that, she dies conveniently, and the truth all comes out, whereupon the hero wins the girl, and gets away with a reasonable amount of the gold before the mine is sealed for good by flood and cataclysm.

The commonwealth of Georgia has no cause to complain of literary neglect. It has been brought to the attention of the reading public by two men as famous as Richard Malcolm Johnston and Joel Chandler Harris, and its local chronicle is acceptably continued by Mr. Will N. Harben. Mr. Harben's homely novels might fairly be criticized for looseness of construction and lack of depth; but within their unpretending limits, they offer highly satisfactory

work. The humors of the Georgian country folk, their village complications, their eccentric types, and the daily round of their rural life, are portrayed with sympathy and fidelity to fact in the long series of books to which "Dixie Hart" is now added. The plot is simple. A village store-keeper is married to a vinegary woman whose former husband has deserted her and is thought to have been killed by an Oklahoma cyclone. Living near by is Dixie Hart, a beautiful girl who is trying to release her farm from a mortgage, and who toils in the fields for this purpose and to support her widowed mother. The store-keeper befriends the girl, and they are in love with one another before they realize the fact. It turns out, of course, that the Oklahoma cyclone had failed to do its duty, and the return of the first husband leaves the second one free to follow the dictates of his heart. This is the substance of a story whose chief interest is in incident rather than plot. What we really enjoy are such things as the horse-trade with its sharp practice, the outwitting of the skinflint who holds the mortgage, the exploits of the tombstone agent, and the practical joking of old Wrinkle, the father-in-law. These are quite joyous matters, and the zest with which Mr. Harben gives his account of them arouses a corresponding appetite.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

Library history in a nutshell.

In a small volume of duodecimo proportions, Mr. Ernest A. Savage, librarian of the Wallasey Public Libraries, has told "The Story of Libraries and Book-Collecting" (Dutton) for the "English Library Series." After prefatory apologies for daring to follow in the footsteps of Edward Edwards, whose "Memories of Libraries" is now out of print, expensive, and also not up-to-date, the author sketches rapidly and in bare outline the history of ancient libraries, of mediæval libraries and the preservation of the Greek and Latin classics, of early monastic libraries and the main stream of learning in the West, of the Renaissance and book-collecting, and of the principal libraries of modern times, arranged by countries. In so condensed a work there are necessarily many things omitted that one or another critical reader might wish to see included; and there are also, in so crowded a list of dates and events, occasional minor errors. For example, in his opening chapter Mr. Savage awards to Professor Hilprecht all the credit of discovering the Temple Library at Nippur, whereas Dr. John Henry Haynes, the director of the expedition, and a veteran in the field of Babylonian excavation, unearthed this Nippur collection after pushing his explorations to a depth of eighteen feet, when the half-dozen rooms containing the precious tablets were unexpectedly disclosed. To Professor Hilprecht, who was associated with him, and whose scholarly labors are not to be undervalued, due honor must be paid, but not to the exclusion of Dr. Haynes's name. Mr. Savage's ranking of the Boston Public Library building as second in magnificence, in this country, to that which shelters the Library of Congress will soon require correction when the New York palace of literature in Forty-second Street is completed. His reference to the Philadelphia Library's "branch at Ridgeway" is based on a misconception, Ridgeway being a personal, not a geographical designation, and the said branch being situated almost in the heart of the city. It looks a little strange to see our famous giver of library buildings referred to as "Dr." Carnegie. As supplementary matter to this useful compendium there are added a few pages of "brief notices of book-collectors and librarians," a list of "principal works consulted for this book," and an index. As a sort of *vade mecum* for busy librarians the little book is sure of a welcome.

Some memories of a popular story-writer.

Mrs. Alfred Saunders Walford — better known to novel-readers as "L. B. Walford," which being amplified stands for Lucy Bethia (Colquhoun) Walford — has seen so much of the world, both literary and non-literary, in the course of the forty or more years during which she has been producing her score and a half of popular works of fiction, as to enable her to add to her goodly list of books a volume of entertaining reminiscences of places and persons, of more or less noteworthy happenings and conversations, to which she has given the title, "Recollections of a Scottish Novelist" (Longmans). Born in 1845, she early acquired a liking for printer's ink, and has never lost the appetite. Indeed, the flattering reception of her first book, "Mr. Smith," which brought her, besides considerable English money and English fame, a check for twenty pounds and a gratifying letter from an honest American pirate, was enough to confirm her in her addiction to authorship. Even royalty itself, in the person of Queen Victoria, paid homage to the new literary light, and we are told that as long as she lived she never failed to read each successive novel by the author of "Mr. Smith." More noteworthy still, a contribution to the "St. James Gazette" from Coventry Patmore coupled the names of Thomas Hardy and L. B. Walford as two living writers "whose work of this kind [*i. e.* the picturing of the times in which they lived] can scarcely be surpassed," and as worthy to be named in the same breath with Scott and Fielding and Goldsmith. What prouder triumph could a young writer wish for? Mrs. Walford's early life in Edinburgh brought her into familiar contact with such personages as Professor Blackie, Dean Ramsay, Dr. John Brown, Sir William Fraser, and Sir Noel Paton. Neither the subject-matter nor the literary skill are lacking to her to write acceptably, even though somewhat desultorily and superficially, of her more memorable experiences. Portraits and other pictorial matter contribute to the book's inviting aspect.

Tramps in Mongolia.

An inspection of Mr. John Headley's excellent work entitled "Tramps in Dark Mongolia" (Scribner) shows that most of the actual wanderings of its author were really within the confines of China proper; and thus the title of the book is slightly misleading. Nevertheless, we have an interesting account of a country which is destined to attract more and more attention from the world. This is the age of the railway, and both China and Russia are eager to develop the resources of this great country. When the day comes, on Mongolia's plains and in her valleys, that one locomotive will do the work of five thousand camels, the resources of this vast region of over a million square miles will be brought into the world's market. The general note of the book is that of an earnest missionary, who wants the people enlightened, lifted up, and inspired with enthusiasms as great as those of earlier days, when some mysterious propulsion sent the Mongol in his ships as far as Japan and on horseback as far as western Russia. Mr. Headley's hope is that the same vigor and enthusiasm will be set to working out moral and peaceful problems that will make Mongolia a garden, rather than the semi-desert it is to-day. His book has many pages and chapters of interest; he is no merely curious traveller, but is well informed as to the history of the country and people, so that he tells us what has happened at various places, and correlates the landscape with the events that once influenced half the world. A student of art and architecture, he interprets the symbols of Buddhism as they are sculptured in this land, which is peculiarly the garden of Buddha. Whether among the grass-lands, with the people at the fairs, in the shadow of the pagodas, in the brigand countries, or at the Lama temples, he is at home, and tells his story well. He makes friends with the abbots and monks, and incidentally shows us how very much alike are the many varieties of human nature, East and West. He stirs our optimistic impulses to hope that when the Mongols find equal opportunities with the rest of the world, in the fields of transportation, science, and mingling of the ideas and inventions of many races and ages, they will rise to their opportunity.

Addresses of a social reformer.

Nine posthumous pieces, mostly public addresses, from the pen of Henry Demarest Lloyd, are gathered into a handy, clearly-printed volume under the general title, "Mazzini and Other Essays" (Putnam). In addition to "Mazzini: Prophet of Action" the book contains chapters on William Morris, with whom the author was privileged to spend a memorable day, on Emerson's wit and humor, on Sir Harry Vane, on certain ancient Dutch notions, on free speech and the right of assemblage, the scholar in practical affairs, the question whether personal development is the best social policy, and an imaginative sketch, after the order of "Looking Backward," in which a new and a far better Chicago (of a century hence) is delightfully described. The old city, deliberately burned down in 1971, on the centennial anniversary of the historic "great fire," and ploughed up, disinfected, and "sown with aromatic plants for many years before it was sweet again," gave place to "a great park, and in it arose universities, theatres, libraries, meeting-halls, colosseums for sports and public festivals, and temples of every religion professed by the millions living around. Room was made for all with equal willingness in the spirit of the ancient Emerson, that all the religions were one wine in different colored glasses." Of Emerson himself, whose name recurs with frequency in Mr. Lloyd's pages, he says in the chapter devoted especially to him that he was a wit and a humorist, even though too little recognized as such. Quotations from his pen are given in proof of the assertion, and form interesting illustrations of his Yankee shrewdness and talent for terse and telling phrases, but can hardly make us think of him as conspicuously a humorist or preëminently a wit. In all these papers of Mr. Lloyd's the earnestness and moral purpose of an ardent and idealistic nature eloquently speak.

Relics of a mighty people.

Asia Minor is a quarry for startling archæological discoveries. All the great nations of antiquity marched through its mountain passes and fought on its plains. One of the mightiest of these, and at the same time the least known, was that still mysterious people called the Hittites. Dr. John Garstang's "Land of the Hittites" (Dutton) is a *vade mecum* on the subject. The author made a trip of exploration through the territory once occupied by that warlike and aggressive nation, and in this volume has presented a survey of the whole subject. His discussion of the geographical boundaries of the Hittite sway is intensely interesting, covering as it did nearly the whole of Asia Minor, and extending eastward into Armenia and southward into Syria. He gives a moving picture of the peoples who down to the Seljuk Turks occupied successively Asia Minor. The monuments of the Hittites now in full view of the explorer are very fully shown in superb half-tones. They were photographed in all parts of the ancient Hittite realm, and reveal how thoroughly that territory was covered by them. An elaborate discussion is given to the northern capital of the nation, at the site of the modern Boghaz-Keui, defended at one time by a tremendous acropolis, ramparts, and other fortifications. The author sets forth very vividly the splendor of their palaces and walled cities, their sculptures and their massive reliefs. His ninety splendid illustrations give us a hint of the advancement made in civilization and culture by those hardy peoples of the northern mountains and plains, at a period ranging from about 3000 B. C. down to the eighth century B. C. But their real history will not be known until scholars can translate, not guess at the meaning of, the many inscriptions which we now possess.

An outline of Japanese history.

Mr. Joseph H. Longford's "Story of Old Japan" (Longmans) is intended for lay readers who have not the time or the inclination to study Japanese history through native sources or through more scholarly and original treatises by foreign students. The writer's long residence in Japan, his travels and sojourns in all parts of the Empire, and his acquaintance with the native language and literature render his presentation of Japanese history much more than a mere abridgment of earlier productions; but he frankly acknowledges the secondary and popular nature of his work as compared with that of Chamberlain, Satow, and Aston, and readers of Griffis will find little that is new in the present volume. The chapters on mythology and the semi-mythical periods of history appear to lack the sympathy and insight of corresponding chapters in Griffis. From the beginnings of true history to the persecution of the Christians the writer gives so little attention to the life of the masses, to social customs, to literature and art, that the Japanese people are lost to view amid the constant wars of feudal lords. The reader can but vaguely guess at the progress of civilization. Fortunately, however, many incidents and episodes of history are related in detail which have been for centuries the classic themes of literature and art. The latter chapters of the book surpass the earlier in insight and enthusiasm. Great personalities of the later centuries are clearly portrayed. The horrible persecutions of the Christians are related in detail, and plentiful quotations from contemporary accounts render this chapter vivid. The author's attitude toward the Portuguese missionaries is generous, and his condemnation of the Dutch merchants unsparing; it is to be questioned whether in either case he shows discrimination. Six appendices add greatly to the value of the volume. Affording, as it does, in a clear and readable style, an outline of Japanese history, and showing the roots of present dominant race traits deeply planted in the soil of the ancient past, the book is to be welcomed as an addition to popular literature on the Orient.

Biographical studies in imposture.

Entertainment of his readers appears to have been Mr. Bram Stoker's chief object in writing his "Famous Impostors" (Sturgis & Walton), for he announces in his Preface that the author, "whose largest experience has lain in the field of fiction, has aimed at dealing with his material as with the material for a novel, except that all the facts given are real and authentic" — in his opinion, at least. The book is unquestionably of a character to interest the majority of readers, treating as it does of a considerable number of noted impostors of various kinds, such as pretenders to royalty, practitioners of magic, clairvoyants, so-called witches and wizards, women playing the rôle of men, the authors of various hoaxes, the famous Tichborne Claimant, and others. Of course that popular favorite, Cagliostro, is made to perform a few of his celebrated tricks for the reader's entertainment, nor is any hint conveyed that he was not as genuine a trickster as the best of them. No echo from Mr. W. R. H. Trowbridge's recent attempt to prove him an honest man is heard in Mr. Stoker's account of him. Perhaps it is too soon to expect it. The concluding chapter of the book is the longest and shows the most study and original research. It is a serious, an unexpectedly serious, examination of the legend of the so-called Bisley Boy, the person substituted, if the tradition be true, for the infant Elizabeth when that princess had suddenly died of a fever at Bisley, and her nurse, in an agony of fear, was momentarily expecting King Henry to pay his little daughter a visit. That Mr. Stoker, almost against his will, was led to take a great interest in this astonishing legend, speaks at least in favor of its plausibility. Though it was obviously necessary to omit from his book a great many famous impostors, the author might, with timeliness, have added a chapter on notorious frauds in the field of geographical exploration. The book is handsomely printed, and has some well-chosen portraits.

The builders of early Babylonia.

A new light has arisen in the Orient. The long-disputed and hotly-contested question as to the real originators of the civilization of Babylonia is practically settled. Mr. Leonard W. King's recent volume entitled "A History of Sumer and Akkad" (Stokes) forms the latest and most complete discussion of the problem. Being an expert Assyriologist, Mr. King has utilized with rare skill the curious and complicated cuneiform inscriptions that have been excavated in Babylonia during the last twenty years. He has marshalled the evidence in a masterful fashion to show when the so-called Sumerians came into Babylonia, what they captured, what city-states they organized and ruled, what religion they possessed, and what culture they developed and contributed to their successors, the Babylonians and Assyrians. On the evidence of the original documents themselves, the Sumerians came into Babylonia not earlier than 3400 B.C., and assumed sway over the Semites then occupying it. For thirteen hundred years, or until 2100 B.C., they developed, expanded, and attained a degree of culture that, for bold originality and vigorous growth, has no peer in the Orient. Their successors in Babylonia, at the founding and unification of the great monarchy, were little more than imitators of the unique Sumerians. The language and the art of these non-Semites is beautifully illustrated in this very convincing and timely volume.

Impressions of American travel by a Briton.

The title of Mr. C. Reginald Enock's new volume, "Farthest West: Life and Travel in the United States" (Appleton), is a trifle misleading, for the author's starting point is on British shores, and his entertaining book deals with travel not in the States of the Pacific Coast alone but rather throughout our entire country. It has, however, a strong western flavor,

for the writer is evidently at home in the mining regions of California. He is an observant traveller, but his book is not lumbered up with guide-book minutiae. It is rather an assessment of values, — scenic, geographic, economic, industrial, social, and political — of things American as they penetrate the comprehension of our typically conservative brother from across the seas. Mr. Enock even attempts an analysis of American humor! He seems, however, to have lived long enough in America to have become tainted by our national vice of exaggeration in his portrayal of some of our failures and shortcomings, though on the whole his criticisms will appeal to the candid reader as just and often generous, and however scathing they are always interesting and worth reading. Like most books of such a general nature, this offers some minor examples of misinformation. One hardly expects to observe the "white tower-buildings of New York," as one approaches the Statue of Liberty from Sandy Hook, "in the haze of the New England shore." The statement that the Great Lake region has never been invaded by yellow fever in Winter (sic), and that malaria is found only in its denser swamps, hardly conveys a correct idea of the sanitary condition of that region.

A naval officer of the olden time.

As a tribute of filial respect and admiration, Mrs. Rebecca Paulding Meade's "Life of Hiram Paulding, Rear-Admiral, U.S.N." (Baker & Taylor Co.) makes a graceful appearance, and also sets forth clearly and interestingly the gallant services rendered to his country by this officer of our old-time wooden-built and wind-propelled navy. Those whose memories go back to the Civil War will remember Paulding as Commandant of the New York Navy Yard, where his untiring exertions effected, among much else, the timely equipment of the "Monitor," then called the "Ericsson," so as to make possible its memorable engagement with the "Merrimac." Mrs. Meade's book is well illustrated and contains frequent extracts from contemporary letters and journals. In short, it handsomely meets the expectations aroused by the prefatory statement that it is "an attempt, on the part of his children, to tell to those who care to hear it the story of one of our public men, a chivalrous hero of the old days, 'sans peur et sans reproche,' whose official life is interwoven with his country's history, whose home life was a rarely beautiful one, and whose example is worthy of imitation."

BRIEFER MENTION.

The series of brief lives of great Americans known as "The Beacon Biographies" (Small, Maynard & Co.) has recently been enlarged by two new volumes, one on Benjamin Franklin by Mr. Lindsay Swift and one on George Washington by Mr. Worthington Chauncey Ford. The plan of the series, — to give a general summary of the life, character, and influence of the subject, — is well carried out in both volumes.

Dr. Charles W. Super has edited, and Mr. C. W. Bardeen has published, a translation of three treatises by Plutarch on education — "The Education of Boys," "How a Young Man Should Hear Lectures on Poetry," and "The Right Way to Hear." All of which matter, with the accompanying introduction and notes, makes up a volume called "Plutarch on Education," which is highly instructive, and much sounder in doctrine than nine-tenths of the current pedagogical output.

We do not know how many students of Portuguese are to be found in American colleges, but such as there are will be glad to have as good an elementary text-book as is now provided by Dr. John C. Branner in his "Brief Grammar of the Portuguese Language." This book is formed upon the best twentieth century models, and has a few extracts for reading, besides the necessary vocabularies. It is published by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co., as are also the following texts: "Spanish Composition," by Dr. J. P. Wickersham-Crawford; Ibañez's "La Barraca," edited by Mr. Hayward Keniston; "Handbook of German Idioms," by Mr. M. B. Lambert; and "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," edited by M. M. Lévi.

Messrs. Ginn & Co. add to their "Standard English Classics" three new volumes: "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," edited by Henry N. Hudson; Lodge's "Rosalynde," edited by Dr. Edward C. Baldwin; and Macaulay's "Essays on Clive and Hastings," edited by Dr. Charles R. Gaston. The same publishers send us an "Introduction to the Study of the Divine Comedy," by Signor Francesco Flamini, translated by Mr. Freeman M. Josselyn. The author seeks to guide wanderers lost in "the wild wood of arbitrary interpretations" and to provide him with "an organic and simple system of general interpretation." Aristotle and Aquinas, he assures us, are the philosophers who supply the proper clue to Dante's thought.

Two interesting art monographs are found in the special Autumn and Winter numbers of "The International Studio," published by the John Lane Co. The first volume, edited by Mr. Charles Holme and entitled "Peasant Art in Sweden, Lapland, and Iceland," offers illuminating proofs of the fact that Sweden "is something more than the dwelling-place of bears . . . a place where culture was slow to strike root, and where its development was retarded by an unpromising soil and intellectual night-frosts." Iceland and Lapland are treated more briefly, but the six hundred full-page illustrations, in color and half-tone, of the peasant cottages, furniture, wood-carving, metal work, jewelry, tapestries, etc., give an adequate idea of the art development of all three countries. The second volume, profusely illustrated, and provided with an introductory essay by Mr. Malcolm C. Salaman, is devoted to a study of old English mezzotints. The lives and works of such artists as Prince Rupert, Abraham Blooteling, John Simon, Van Bleeck, Richard Houston, Valentine Green, John Dean, John Raphael Smith — whose copper plates gave such ideal expression to the charm of Romney's art — and many others, are treated in detail; while in conclusion Mr. Salaman prophesies that "now after a long interval of inanition, the beautiful art of mezzotint, in the hands of that legitimate heir of the great engravers, Mr. Frank Short and his school, promises to develop a capacity for original pictorial expression unimagined by the old reproductive mezzotinters."

Notes.

"The Woman Who Could," a new four-act play by Mr. Howard V. Sutherland, will be issued at an early date by Desmond FitzGerald, Inc.

Mrs. Humphry Ward is said to be writing a "Robert Elsmere" up to date. In the new version she will give her view of the present religious situation as contrasted with that depicted in "Robert Elsmere."

Mr. Owen Johnson, author of "The Varmint" and other Lawrenceville stories, has already made considerable progress upon the second "Varmint" book, which will probably be entitled "The Varmint at Yale."

Mr. F. Frankfort Moore, who has done much delightful work in the field of eighteenth century life and letters, has recently completed a Life of Goldsmith, which Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. will issue in this country.

A biography of Victorien Sardou, by Mr. Jerome A. Hart, is announced for early publication. Mr. Hart has made use of unpublished material dealing with the various controversies in which Sardou was continually engaged.

A translation of "Don Quijote," omitting the short stories and "some of the poor poetry," has been made by Mr. Robinson Smith, and is published in an unadorned but dignified volume of seven hundred pages by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The first of a noteworthy series of articles by Mr. William Winter, on "Shakspere on the Stage" opens the February "Century." It describes the individual conceptions of the more notable actors who have interpreted the character of Hamlet.

"The South Atlantic Quarterly" has recently suffered the destruction by fire of its subscription list. Subscribers who will send their names and addresses to the editors at Durham, N.C., will receive the January issue, and will also confer a favor on the business manager of the periodical.

A new novel by the Englishwoman who writes under the name of "S. G. Tallentyre" is soon to be published in this country by Messrs. Moffat, Yard & Co. with the title, "Bassett: A Village Chronicle." Many of the London critics have hailed the book as a worthy modern successor to "Cranford."

Versions of "The Great Illusion," which has just been published in America, are appearing also in England, France, Germany, Denmark, Norway, Spain, Finland, Holland, Italy, Japan, and Sweden. The author of the volume, Mr. Norman Angell, has written to a Chicago newspaper to avow his American origin.

A new volume of "Letters of Edward Lear" is promised for early publication. The coming volume covers the latter portion of Lear's life, and the correspondence is said to be marked by an under-current of seriousness, though there is no lack of the humor and paradox in which the author of the "Book of Nonsense" always delighted.

Among the immediately forthcoming publications of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons are "The Ashes of a God," by Mr. F. W. Bain; "Love and Marriage," by the Swedish writer, Ellen Key; "Behind the Screens: An English Woman's Impressions of Japan," by Evelyn Adams; "William the Silent," by Miss Ruth Putnam, in the "Heroes of the Nations" series; and "Neglected Factors in Evolution," by Mr. Henry M. Bernard.

"When Half-gods Go" is the title of a new novel by Mrs. Helen R. Martin, author of "Tillie: A Mennonite Maid," "The Crossways," etc., which will be published by The Century Co. this month. The same firm also announces a new novel by Miss Mary Dillon, remembered for her "A Rose of Old St. Louis" and "In Old Bellaire."

The English Poet Laureate, Mr. Alfred Austin, who will be seventy-six next May, has written his reminiscences, and the work will be published in two volumes by Messrs. Macmillan during the present season. Mr. Austin practised as a barrister for a few years, but it is probable that his recollections will be mainly occupied with his career as journalist and man of letters.

The well-known handbook called "Familiar Trees and their Leaves," by Mr. F. Schuyler Mathews, will appear presently in a new and much enlarged edition. The text has been revised throughout, and a supplement has been added containing information about many trees which were not discussed in the earlier editions, and also new data about our familiar trees which has come to light since the book was written.

Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, who, in spite of the many books to his credit, is still under forty, will soon issue a volume of reminiscences. Mr. Hueffer is a grandson of Ford Madox Brown, and during his youth he saw a great deal of the chief figures in the pre-Raphaelite movement. His recollections give us glimpses of the Rossettis, William Morris, Swinburne, and others who played a leading part in the development of nineteenth-century art and literature.

Although "The Broad Highway," which Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co. publish this month in an American edition, is, so far as the public is concerned, Mr. Jeffery Farnol's first book, he has been writing fiction for some eight or nine years past. His brilliant romance of eighteenth-century England was written over three years ago, and occupied two years in the writing, during part of which time Mr. Farnol was employed in scene-painting for the Astor Theatre in New York. He was born thirty years ago in Birmingham, England, but has lived nearly all his life in Kent. Another story of Mr. Farnol's that is to be published shortly is called "The Money-Moon"; it was written before "The Broad Highway," and, as its title sufficiently suggests, is of a much lighter character. He is at present working on a new romance dealing again with the days of the Prince Regent, and hopes to have it ready for publication in the autumn.

Topics in Leading Periodicals.

February, 1911.

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Adams County, A Lesson from. Albert Shaw. *Rev. of Revs.*
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American, The First. Ellsworth Huntington. *Harper.*
Archæology. Oric Bates. *Atlantic.*
Arctic Prairies, The—IV. Ernest Thompson Seton. *Scribner.*
Art, The New, in Paris. Marius de Zayas. *Forum.*
Art, The Teaching of. John La Farge. *Scribner.*
Balloon-Operating in the Civil War. T. S. Lowe. *Rev. of Revs.*
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Bohemia, A Corner of. William H. Rideing. *Bookman.*
Book Advertising, Modern. Algernon Tassin. *Bookman.*
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China Awake and at Work. Clarence Poe. *Review of Reviews.*
Church Statesmanship, Need of. Newman Smyth. *No. Amer.*
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City Garden, Wild Life in a. Herbert R. Sass. *Atlantic.*
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[The following list, containing 90 titles, includes books received by The Dial *since its last issue.]*

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HISTORY.

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